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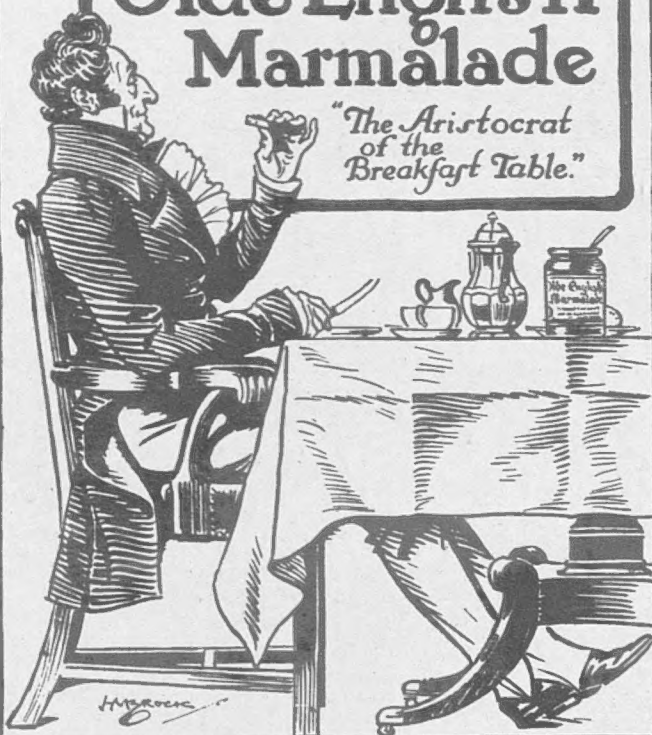
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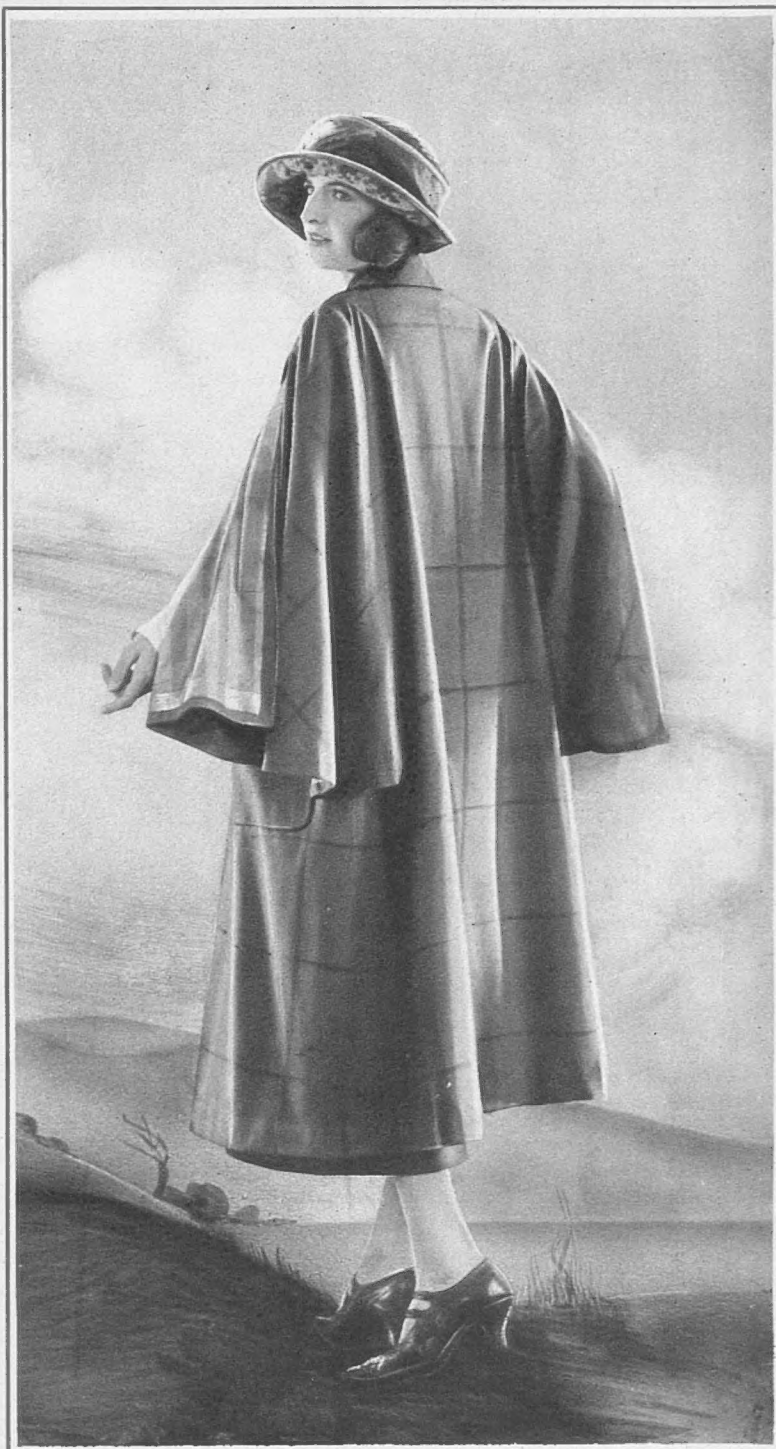
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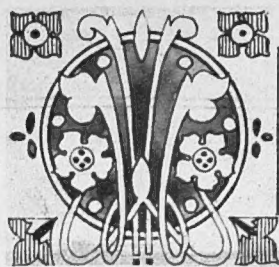
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THE SKETCH

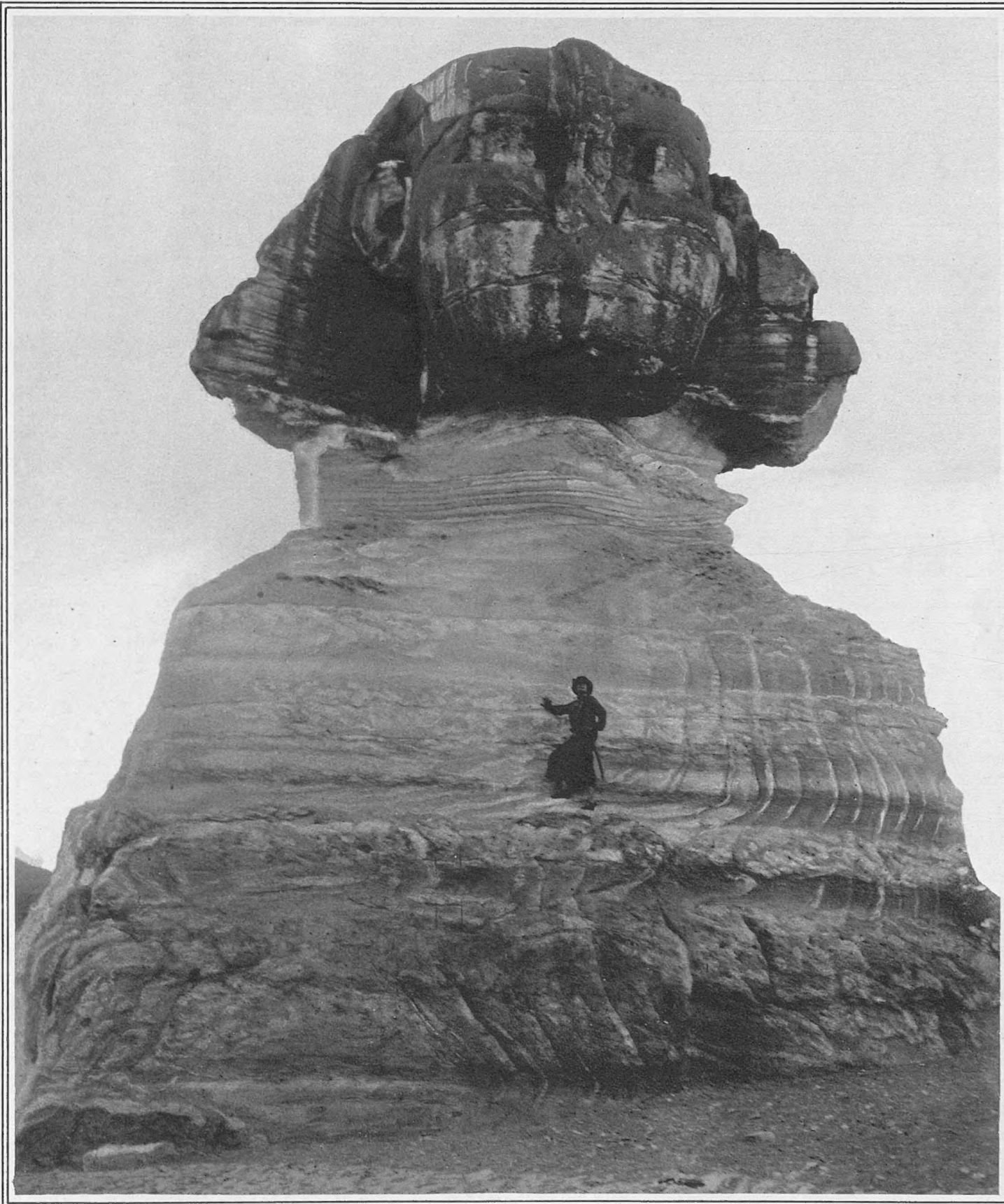


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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1924.

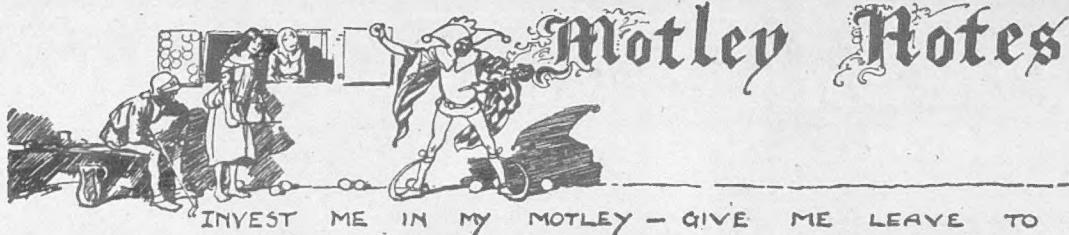
ONE SHILLING.



A. STRIKING PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS ACTRESS! Mlle. CÉCILE SOREL—AND THE SPHINX.

Mlle. Cécile Sorel, the famous French actress, who visited Egypt recently, is well known for her renderings of many famous parts, including the leading rôles in a number of Shakespeare, Molière, Dumas, and

Bataille plays. She was received with great enthusiasm in Alexandria and Cairo, and, naturally, found time to visit Luxor and the Valley of the Kings, and to pay her respects to Tutankhamen.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

TO-DAY'S TALK TO PARENTS.

DO you remember what they had for breakfast at Dotheboys Hall?

"Into these bowls, Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition, which looked like diluted pin-cushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, 'For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!'—and went away to his own."

"Nicholas distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat. Having further disposed of a slice of bread-and-butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, he sat himself down, to wait for schooltime."

Dickens, of course, exaggerated. The boys were not *really* fed as meanly as all that! Oh, dear, no! They probably had kidneys-and-bacon, and sausages, and grilled sole, and hot coffee with plenty of milk and sugar, and racks and racks of dry toast. Mrs. Squeers did not *really* call up a little boy with a curly head and wipe her hands on it! Oh, nonsense! She was such a sweet, motherly soul!

All right. Let us put Dickens out of court, and come a little nearer to our own times.

"The Doctor took his seat alone at a cross table forming the top of one of the two rows of tables, set with white cups and saucers, and plates well heaped with the square pieces of bread-and-butter; while Mrs. Grimstone, with Dulcie and Tom, sat at the foot of the same row, behind two ugly urns of dull block-tin."

"But when Mr. Bultitude, more hungry than he had felt for years, found his place at one of the tables, he was disgusted to find upon his plate—not, as he had confidently expected, a couple of plump poached eggs, with their appetising contrast of ruddy gold and silvery white, not a crisp and crackling sausage or a mottled omelette, not even the homely but luscious rasher, but a brace of chill, forbidding sardines, lying grim and headless in bilious green oil!"

"He roused himself, however, to swallow them, together with some of the thin and tin-flavoured coffee. But the meal as a

whole was so different from the plentiful, well-cooked breakfasts he had sat down before for years as a matter of course, that it made him feel extremely unwell."

You have not forgotten, I hope, your "Vice-Versâ"? If such is your sad case, and if you have a boy at school, go straight out and buy a copy, and read it all through for the lesson it teaches.

Both Dickens and Anstey, I believe, were ushers before they were authors. If ushers never turned authors, you would never hear the truth about certain schools, for boys are notoriously inarticulate.

You might suppose that a boy who was badly fed at school would at least tell his parents all about it when he got home.

Mr. Bultitude's son, it was not always my privilege to have "meat for breakfast." The sardine on the next plate never looked chill and forbidding to me. It looked the last word in luxury. Even the bilious green oil would not have been despised.

Still, times have changed. They tell me that schools are not what they were when I was a schoolboy, or even when I, too, was an usher.

I hope not. But, if not, why do we find Dr. Sloan Chesser, a lady doctor, writing in the *Evening Standard* like this?

"In spite of the fact that food at school is infinitely better than it was a generation ago, the cooking is open to criticism in some of the most expensive schools in England."

And what about those which are not so expensive? And those which are not expensive at all, but damnably cheap?

"The schoolboy," writes the learned lady, "is popularly supposed to have the digestion of an ostrich; he is said to be able to eat 'anything.' The truth is that during the school years many boys and girls develop chronic gastritis, anaemia, malnutrition, as a result of wrong diet, of stodgy, monotonous, badly cooked food."

She is not talking of ten years ago, or twenty years ago, or thirty years ago; but now. This very term. This very day.

But parents don't believe it. Willie was always on the pale side, and even during the holidays he gets indigestion. Very likely. Possibly the poor little devil is trying to make up for three months' bad feeding.

It must be remembered that many schoolmasters do not make their money by teaching—unless their schools are merely day-schools. They make it by keeping boarding-houses which differ from the ordinary boarding-house in this, that the boarders cannot leave when they are dissatisfied with their treatment.

What a pity the Garudâ stone was hurled out into the night and ground to powder beneath the wheels of an omnibus! I would like to send a few more fathers back to the "luxurious" schools where their sons bask in idleness and live on the fat of the land. And there are

even one or two mothers who might open their eyes if they changed places with their daughters—though I never can get it out of my head that the female of the species has the instinct for self-preservation far better developed than the male.



SOCIETY AMATEUR ACTRESSES REHEARSING "CHIQUITA": MISS ANNE TYRRELL, MISS CLARE ELWES, MISS ESTHER MACARTNEY, MISS JEAN GAIRDNER, MISS MARGARET ELWES, MISS DESIRÉE WELBY, AND MISS AUDREY CARR (L. TO R.). "Chiquita," a new musical comedy by Mr. Wilfrid Eyre, brother-in law of Viscount Campden, is to be given at the Silver Crusade Matinée on March 27, at Covent Garden. The Silver Crusade is a national organisation to help all hospitals and British charities, and boasts a "Débutantes and Bachelors" committee of well-known Society girls and men. The cast of the production includes many distinguished amateur actors and actresses; and a beauty chorus of Society girls will be a feature of the production.

Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.

But they don't. They have not the descriptive art; and what would be the use, anyway? The parents who did not believe their tales would prove unsympathetic listeners, and you do not catch a boy talking much to an unsympathetic listener. The

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of this issue.

parents who did believe would write off indignantly to the headmaster, and the boy would get the back-kick of that explosion, somehow or another, the next term.

If Dickens exaggerated, Anstey did not. I can remember the sardine in bilious green oil—but it was not on my plate. Unlike

Beauty Beshawled in Six Styles.



Miss Campbell.



Mrs. Auberon Kennard.



Miss Dawkins.



Senora Rostia Cassinello.



Madame Votichenko.



Miss Greer.

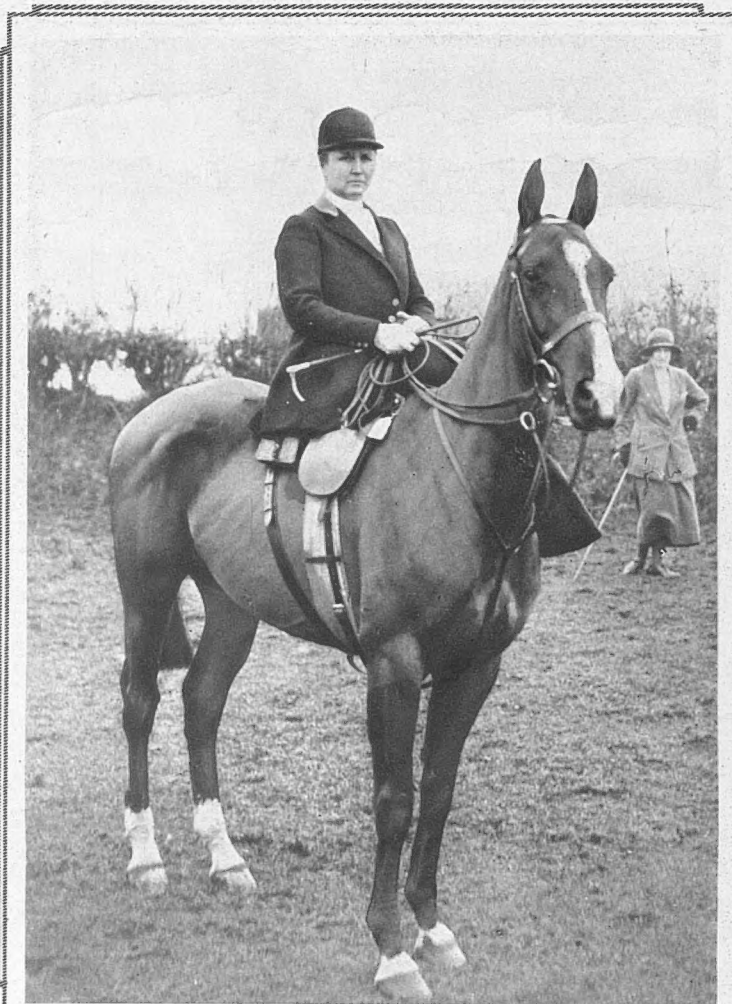
VARIETY IN SPANISH EFFECTS: A SEXTET OF DANCERS AT THE SHAWL BALL.

The Shawl Ball, at Claridge's, was the occasion of a display of the ability to wear a shawl and a mantilla with the grace and distinction of Old Spain, and London Society stood the test very well. The variety of effects which it is possible to obtain with a Spanish shawl, mantilla, and high comb is endless, and our photographs of six dancers at the ball give some idea of the different manner in which one can beshawl oneself. Miss Campbell is the daughter of Mrs.

Adair Campbell. Mrs. Auberon Kennard was a member of the Ball Committee. Mme. Votichenko is the wife of the Russian tympanom player (this instrument dates from the eighteenth century and resembles a spinet). Señora Cassinello is the English wife of a well-known Spaniard. Miss Edith Dawkins is the daughter of Lady Bertha Dawkins, Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary; and Miss Greer is the daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Greer.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5, Camera Portraits by Hugh Cecil; 4, Photograph by Blake Studios; 6 by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

With Lord Tredegar's: Lady Bute and Her Children.



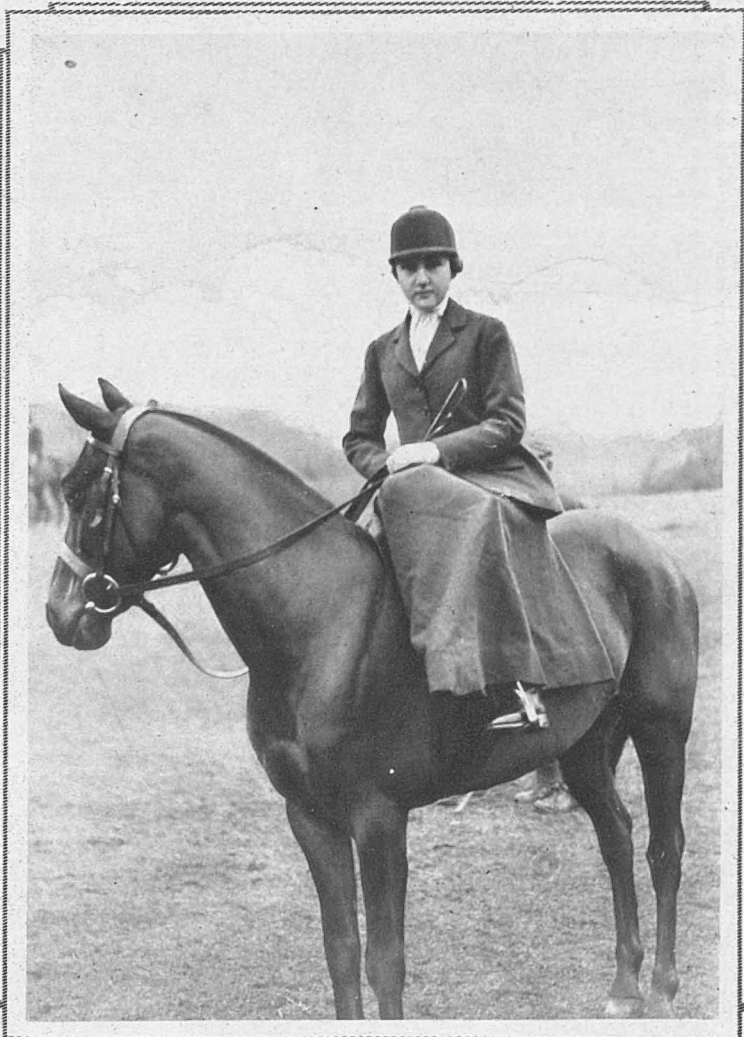
ON HER FAVOURITE HUNTER: THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE, D.B.E.



WATCHING THE HUNT: LORD PATRICK, LORD DAVID, AND LORD MICHAEL CRICHTON-STUART—ON THE GATE.



WITH TWO OF HER FIVE SONS: THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE: LADY JEAN CRICHTON-STUART.

The Marchioness of Bute, D.B.E., who is the wife of the fourth Marquess and ninth Baronet, and is the daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, fourth Baronet, is a keen sportswoman, and is shown in our photographs out with Lord Tredegar's, accompanied by some of her children, on the occasion of the meet at Llanedyane Bridge, Mon. Lord and Lady Bute have a family of five sons and two daughters. Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, born in 1906, is the eldest. The Earl of Dumfries comes next in order

of seniority, as he was born in 1907. Lady Jean is a year younger; and Lord Robert, Lord David, Lord Patrick, and Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart were born in 1909, 1911, 1913, and 1917 respectively. Lord Bute's seats include Mount Stuart, Rothesay; Cardiff Castle, Glamorgan; Dumfries House; Old Place of Mochrum; and Kames Castle, and he has a town house in Queen Anne's Gate, and a residence in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

With a Big Four of Beasties – Poirot's Creator.



WITH THE RHODESIAN "ZOO" OF HER SUNNINGDALE HOME: MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE, THE BRILLIANT WRITER OF DETECTIVE STORIES, AT SCOTSWOOD.

"Sketch" readers, who are well acquainted with Hercule Poirot and the Big Four of crime, will be interested to see these portraits of his creator. Mrs. Christie and her husband, Colonel Archibald Christie, C.M.G., D.S.O., now live at Sunningdale, where she keeps

her collection of wooden beasties brought from Rhodesia. Though Poirot's chase of the Big Four will shortly come to a conclusion, a new series of stories by the same writer will be published in the "Sketch" in the near future.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

HOW full of the exciting flavour of modern times this last week in town has been! To begin with, there was the dinner given by Lady Granard, wife of the King's re-appointed Master of the Horse, at which the King and Queen were present, and where the guests included Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Miss Ishbel Macdonald, and the Lord Privy Seal and

sign of flagging, and listened as earnestly and with as much enjoyment, apparently, to the last moments of his cycle as to the first! What a lovely Eve Gwen Ffrangcon Davies makes with her morning air, her fanciful frock of green and yellow leaves and copper-coloured wig. And have you all realised what a compliment to women the cycle is? Never more, even in fun, will I allow myself to say: "Oh, that I were a man!"

But to return to Royal doings. The Princess Royal usually has a very delightful party on her birthday, and last Wednesday was no exception to the rule. The Prince of Wales, as well as the King and Queen, went to Portman Square. Our sporting Prince's arm is still cradled in a sling, much to his discomfort; but he is getting on well, and, as usual, gave a smiling acknowledgment to the patient crowd of admirers round the steps of the house, who were waiting to catch a glimpse of him.

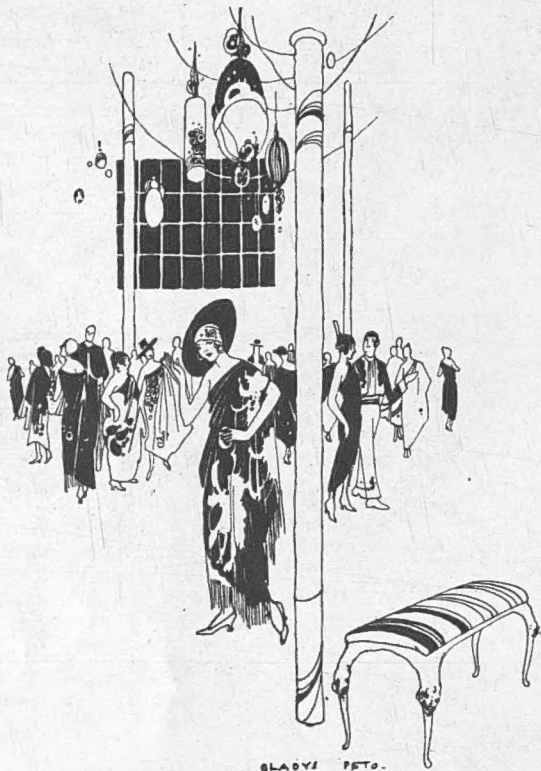
Inside, in the comfortable dining-room, the oval table for the lunch party was covered with fine damask, as the Princess Royal has not fallen a victim to the bare-table craze. The decorations consisted of three silver baskets filled with pink carnations clustered closely together. The Duke and Duchess of York were unable to be present at the family gathering, and Lady Maud Carnegie was there without her soldier-husband, as Lord Carnegie had military duties to detain him. He is off on one of those special courses which take up so much of the present-day soldier's time, and will not be at home much for a while. The Queen was looking particularly well on this occasion, and wore an embroidered grey velvet dress and a shot-blue-and-gold tissue toque, which suits her admirably.

And now for dancing activities. There are always a large number of people at the Embassy; but the other evening there were several parties apparently for diners only, and without a thought of dancing. Among these quiet patrons were the Duke of Sutherland, who sat at a table with Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Matthew Wilson, and another man. Opposite to them were Lord and Lady Terrington—most regular habitués; and at the next table to the Liberal lady M.P. and her husband were Lord Dalmeny and Colonel "Freddie" Cripps, and Captain and Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford; while not far away were Mr. Raymond de Trafford and Lord Ossory, with his wife, who was wearing a frock of greeny-grey. Neither Lord Dalmeny nor Colonel Cripps nor the De Traffords danced once; although, as a rule, they may be reckoned as the indefatigable ones. Luigi, by the way, is still at Cannes, and rumour says he is trying hard to come across something new in the way of speciality dancers to entertain us in town in the coming season.

This is the time when one begins to think of the débutantes who will be seen in the coming season, and one of special interest is the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Netherlands Minister and Mme. Van Swinderen. Her parents have been spending some time at the Hague, where the Queen

of Holland received her Minister's daughter, and where Miss Van Swinderen made her official curtsy, and on the 20th attended the ball at the Royal Palace. In May, Mme. Van Swinderen intends to give a dance for her girl at the house in Green Street where the Dutch Minister and his family reside in town. It used to belong to Lord Ribblesdale, and has a delightful drawing-room done up in soft tones in the French style. To reach the front door is always a puzzle to me, as there are two short flights of steps to it, and I can never make up my mind whether to take that on the right or the left. By the way, Mme. Van Swinderen, like so many other ladies of the Cercle Diplomatique, is an American by birth.

And when on the subjects of diplomats, Mrs. Kellogg is evidently determined to make Crewe House look cheerful, outside as well as in, as she has removed the old dead and rather dreary shrubs which used to decorate the outside of the house in Curzon Street, and has had them replaced with a row of golden privets, shading from light-green to yellow, which are a great improvement. The three or four urns, too, which adorn the top of the walls have been taken in

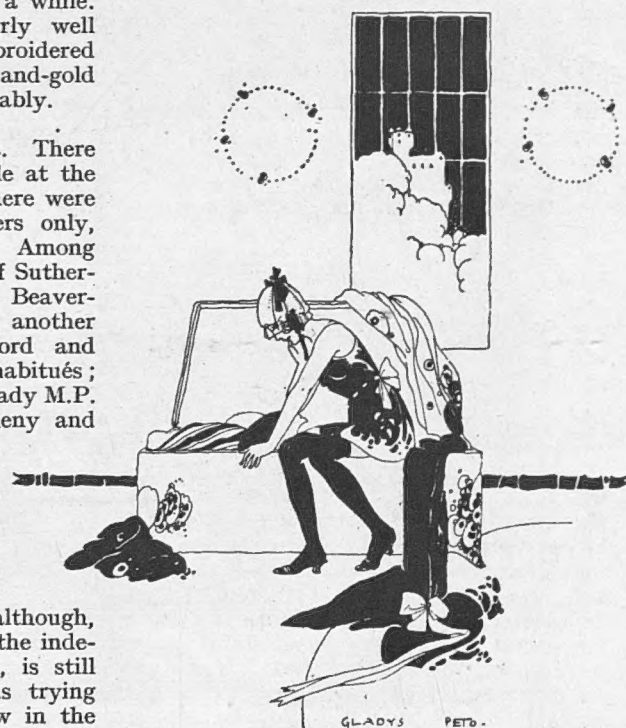


1. Angela imagined that the Spanish Shawl Ball would look just like this. She meant to be something much more dashing.

Mrs. Clynes. All the women had put on their most magnificent jewels: the hostess wearing her superb Cartier tiara, while Mrs. Arthur James had on her new one, which is somewhat similar in shape—that is, it has the straight line to its edge which reminds one of the classic diadems worn by Roman empresses, and is innocent of the peaks and points which have now quite gone out of favour. Lady Granard's is a beautiful decoration of diamonds set somewhat closely, save where there are three huge stones, each as big as a good-sized thumb-nail. Dinner for the very distinguished assembly was served in the white panelled dining-room, and a small band played during the evening.

In spite of many parties, however, I suppose that much of the social interest of the past week has been theatrical. After all, most of the people who are "in the movement" went earnestly to the Court Theatre to see "Back to Methuselah"; frivolously to the new farce at the Criterion; inquiringly to "Faust" at the Old Vic; and boldly to Wycherley's "Country Wife," done by the Phoenix. At the last, one could admire the lovely clothes of the Restoration period.

Part of the fun at the Court Theatre was in seeing who turned up each night, and in laughing at the faint-hearts who fell by the way! "G. B. S." himself showed no



2. So she looked through all her grandmother's pretty possessions, seeking inspiration.

hand, and are gay with freshly planted shrubs. These horticultural efforts are something quite new, as nothing of the kind was ever attempted when Lord and Lady Crewe lived at Crewe House, though I remember that a few years ago when some Americans

took the mansion for the season, pink geraniums flourished greatly there. Inside the house, plants and flowers appear in great profusion, and a number of tall palms in gilt baskets add gaiety to the hall.

As I said before, the Prince of Wales has been about and is getting on splendidly. This has been a great relief to the many organisers of functions who have been relying on his presence. One of the most attractive semi-public affairs which the Prince has definitely promised to attend is the ball at Sir Philip Sassoon's house on the 28th, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. The Duchess of Roxburghe is taking friends to it; and Lord and Lady Northampton, the Duchess of Norfolk, and many other well-knowns are entertaining dinner-parties for the affair.

Perhaps London is the best place to be in at the moment, if one must be in England in the winter, and quite a number of people have returned lately. Lady Cadogan is back in Grosvenor Street from Bury St. Edmunds, and Lord and Lady Campden have come home after the presentation to their little son and heir, Anthony. This important youngster received a silver christening-cup from the tenants of his grandfather, the Earl of Gainsborough. Mrs. Fellowes, Lord Inchiquin's sister, has also just come back to London, after her visit to Weasenham, the residence of Georgina Lady Leicester, and is going to give the first exhibition of her paintings in April.

I was very interested to hear from Mrs. Fellowes about the work she has been doing for this show, which will be held at the Walker Galleries. The subjects are mostly of Rome and of other well-known Italian towns, and Mrs. Fellowes has caught the golden glory of the sun with great success.

The small dances at this time of the year are usually very delightful affairs, and are thoroughly enjoyed by the débutantes who are to have their first experience of a London season later on. Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson, the daughter of Lord and Lady Donoughmore, is one of the "new girls," and the dance given by her mother in the pretty drawing-room in Chesterfield Gardens, where old-rose is the prevailing hue, was extremely successful. Lady Jean Dalrymple, the daughter of Lady Stair, and eldest of a family of six, was another girl who had a dance given for her; and Tuesday's event of this week was the ball given by Lord Dunmore with Lady Cawdor for Lady Marjorie Murray and Lady Janet Campbell.

Then there was the Shawl Ball on Friday, at which we all had to try and look Spanish, whatever our type. Not a very easy task for some of us; but, as Spain's Queen is the lovely blonde English Princess, one feels that even the golden-haired cream-and-roses girls were justified in wearing shawls and high combs! Still, a Spanish shawl isn't the easiest garment in the world to arrange successfully, and needs more dignity than we moderns show, as a rule. All the same, I thought that most of the beshawled Society folk who gathered at Claridge's stood the test pretty well, and it was a thoroughly successful evening.

Count Michael Torby, who is one of the lucky folk who have just gone off to Cannes, has been busy with his portraits lately, and is now at work on one of Miss Mala Brand wearing a scarlet jumper, and has finished

another of his sister, Lady Zia Wernher, and one of Lady Craven.

Personally, however, I prefer the "portrait arrangements" in oils, which Count Michael is also doing, to his portraits proper. They are very small things, about half the size of this page, and show the figure seated in some characteristic surrounding, somewhat in the manner of an old Dutch painting. Mrs. Gideon Murray and Mrs. David Leslie, the dancer, have both been done in this style.

Count Michael Torby's paintings remind me of Lady Louis Mountbatten, as her



3. And found this nice bonnet and shawl. It is true the shawl was a little short; but the bonnet was a prim little affair, and should make up for that.

portrait had to be interrupted for the best of reasons; but at the rate that she is progressing, she will soon be able to sit again.

By half-past nine on the morning of the baby's arrival, I hear, she was ready for breakfast and letters, and has had lots of visitors since—too many, some of her friends



4. But the company was terribly shocked. This is the commissionaire removing Angela and shielding her shame by means of his umbrella.

think. Nobody, however, thinks she should be the one to stay away.

The baby daughter is a great success—a lovely young person, very healthy, with dark hair, who sleeps happily almost all the time. I think she will be like her father; but

babies change their minds so about their looks—even more than a professional dancer or a cinema star does.

Lady Louis has had the loveliest things made for her convalescence. Delicious pink negligés for herself, and the most wonderful hand-worked linen sheets edged with deep point de Venise for her bed; to say nothing of a bed-spread entirely composed of lace.

A letter from Egypt gives me the following news:

"Cairo is a very lively spot these days. There is not a general bath-room or a manager's office in any of the hotels that does not contain a bed. Three round-the-world cruisers put in at Alexandria this last week, and their passengers are now swamping Cairo and Luxor. The terraces of the various hotels are an extremely entertaining rendezvous of a morning when one assembles for drinks, and overhears conversation in the most amazing accents, and gazes at the weirdest-looking people. By the way, one hears as much German as American, and it's marvellous how well the much-advertised starvation diet seems to have agreed with the dears. But what is interesting us at the moment is, 'Where do the smart Americans go to in the winter?' All we see here is the 'travelling light' variety.

However, we have lots of good-looking English people out here this winter; and heaven knows we need them, for the British are at a distinct discount just now.

"Lord and Lady Mount Edgcumbe have just returned to Cairo from Luxor, where they went for a few days to see the Tomb. Lord and Lady Brownlow and their daughter, Miss Sarah Cust, have just gone off to Luxor. Their plans have had to be altered a good deal owing to misfortunes of one sort and another. First, Miss Cust fell one day, when shopping in the Mousky, and dislocated her shoulder; then, after recuperating at Mena, the family went on an expedition to the Fayoum, doing the trip on camels; and Lady Brownlow has been a long time shaking off the effects of that mode of travel. Mrs. Palmer, mother of Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, and her young daughter are here. The latter, a jolly, shingle-headed girl, is having a very good time, apparently, playing tennis all day and dancing all night. Lady Desborough and her girls are still here. The R.A.F. gave a dinner and dance in honour of Sir John Salmond and his bride-elect, one of the receiving hostesses being Mrs. Fellowes. Then we have the veteran Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny here with his wife; they are staying at the Residency, in the absence of Lord and Lady Allenby, who are still in the Sudan. Sir Claude, who is—or was—a great swimmer, is said to be contemplating swimming the Assouan Dam! The other day he was an interested spectator at the 9th Lancers' sports, and sat for some time with Major-General Sir Henry Bushman, who commanded that regiment as long ago as 1884, and is now visiting it prior to its departure for Palestine. The 9th gave a big ball last Friday; the General, with Colonel and Mrs. Cavendish, receiving the guests. And at 3 a.m. he was dancing the lancers with as much enjoyment as the youngest subaltern—and he's in his eighty-fifth year. Major J. J. and Lady Violet Astor are expected back on Wednesday from their trip to the Sudan; and on the same day, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford are due to arrive on their honeymoon. Mr. Claude and Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley are also among the expected visitors."—MARIEGOLD.

Allied by Matrimony: Picturesque Royalties.



WITH HER INFANT SON, THE CROWN PRINCE OF YUGO-SLAVIA:
QUEEN MARIE OF YUGO-SLAVIA.



THE SON OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA:
PRINCE MIHAI (MICHAEL) OF ROUMANIA.



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, WITH HER BROTHER, PRINCE
PAUL OF GREECE, AND HER SISTER, PRINCESS IRENE.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA:
QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE.

The Royal Houses of Roumania, Yugo-Slavia, and Greece are allied by matrimony. Queen Elizabeth of Greece and Queen Marie of Yugo-Slavia are the two elder daughters of the King and Queen of Roumania. The marriage of Princess Elizabeth to King George II. of Greece (now deposed) took place in 1921; and that of Princess Marie to King

Alexander of Yugo-Slavia in 1922. The Crown Prince of Roumania is the elder son of the King and Queen of Roumania. His marriage to Princess Helen, elder daughter of King Constantine of Greece, took place in 1921, and Prince Michael is their only son. The King and Queen of Roumania are expected in London on May 12 for an official visit.

A Family Study.



WITH BRIDGET: MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.

Mrs. Patrick de Bathe is the wife of Captain Patrick de Bathe, brother of Sir Hugo de Bathe, fifth Baronet, and is the daughter of the late Captain Charles O'Brien, of Tandragee. Captain de Bathe is her second husband, as she was formerly Mrs. Lamb, the widow of Captain Everard

Lamb. Her marriage to Captain de Bathe took place in 1921, and Baby Bridget, who has Lord Lonsdale and Lady Somerleyton for her godfather and godmother, was born in 1922. Captain and Mrs. de Bathe have a charming house, Stanwell Cottage, near Staines.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams; The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



Ripples from the Riviera: All That's New Under the Sun.

By MARTHE TROLY CURTIN, Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

Mme. Tussaud by the Sea.

The Riviera, just at present, is not unlike a glorified Mme. Tussaud by the Sea, where the curious can gaze on a varied, and always growing, collection of celebrities: some famous, some infamous; the noble, the notorious, the well-born, and the well-

advertised (the last in plenty!).

From time to time, the Parisian public is amused at the outbursts of the ever-beautiful Cécile Sorel, of the Comédie Française, a much-be-portrayed and especially be-caricatured lady. When one of the portraits does not seem to do justice to the famous Cécile, alas for the poor painter! and alas for the portrait! A law-suit for libel is the punishment of the artist, while Mademoiselle has been known to slash at the offending representation of herself with a fierce umbrella!

ONE OF THE ARTISTS APPEARING AT MONTE CARLO: MME. MARIA SANDRA.

Photograph by E. Navello.

I wonder whether the famous actress would approve of the wax effigy which smiles from behind the glass window in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of Nice. Draped in flowing folds, Mademoiselle stands as an advertisement for a *magasin de nouveautés*! Does the original know and approve of this practical work of art? If not, I tremble to think what may happen to that expensive glass window!

Another famous figure (in flesh and blood this time) which adds to the attractions of Nice is that of Maurice Maeterlinck, the exquisite author of "The Bees," "Monna Vanna," "The Blue Bird," and "The Betrothal" (of which the beauty of Gladys Cooper was the apotheosis). The charming Mme. Selysette Maeterlinck is also in Nice with her husband.

At Monte Carlo, one sees sometimes a melancholy-looking middle-aged man walking round the Place with his wife, and the initiated never fail to nudge and say: "Look, look; here comes Mr. Bernard!" "Mr. Bernard? What has he done—who is he?" "Why, the son of the great Sarah, of course!" And one turns to look at the sad man with new-found interest.

Claims to interest are sometimes trivial and sometimes tragic. The other evening, at the Ambassadeurs, I was sitting near a young couple, obviously honeymooners; she, new from head to foot—new shoes embroidered in gold, and new happiness in her eye; he, very shy, and minus one arm. They were watching everything and everybody with that curiosity which comes from

suddenly discovering that other people exist besides your two selves!

A lady was being photographed by some Press photographer or other. She wore a wonderful Russian headdress entirely made of pearls, as there had been that night a *dîner-de-lête*. Said the bride: "What a gorgeous headdress! Who is the lady?" "Mrs. Maxim," someone volunteered. The frivolous young husband began to sing softly, "La Dame de Chez Maxim." "The Maxim guns," continued the informant. "Oh!" exclaimed the bride, glancing at her husband's sleeve. She had paled.

On the same night, at the Ambassadeurs, Lady Birkett was entertaining H.R.H. Prince Albert, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Mrs. Ashley, Princess Narischkine, and other distinguished guests "amidst the oranges and the lemons." The gala night was thus poetically described because of its decorations.

Dances and Dancers.

About bands: there is an excellent one from San Sebastian at the Métropole, Monte Carlo, which we shall probably hear at the Métropole, London, during the season. A particularity of this orchestra is that it comprises an accordion the tones of which are not unlike a church organ; and that the conductor often composes during the night many of the dance tunes they perform the next day!

But, whatever the band and whatever the tunes, everywhere everybody dances! At the Carlton the other night, while the

crowd takes their dancing! He forgot that ninety-nine out of a hundred on the floor were English. Mrs. Ashley, in a turquoise dress trimmed with beads, was one of the most charming.

I saw it mentioned in the Press the other day that General Sir Charles Townshend, the hero of Kut, was taking lessons in dancing. The rumour is due to a misunderstanding, for, of course, the General is on the Riviera to recuperate after his illness, and preparatory to resuming hard work. It is Lady Townshend whose elegant figure is very much admired in the ball-room, and who is taking lessons with Michael Rinder, the exhibition dancer of the Riviera Palace.

A Life of Study on the Côte d'Azur.

To be in the presence of the Great may prove a satisfaction of vanity, but it has its disadvantages, as a woman I know perceived who travelled South in the same train as the Shah of Persia and his suite. Station-masters, porters, Customs officials—in fact, all the necessary devils without whom, alas! one cannot travel (and with whom one cannot comfortably travel) were buzzing around the Shah like bees around a honey-pot, with the result that the ordinary travellers were as neglected as if there had been a railway strike!

Prince "Abbas," as Ahmed-Khad-Jar likes to be called on the Riviera, is among us, officially to study the French prisons and the punitive systems. By the way, have you ever known a Sovereign, or even a public man of some note, come to pleasant places simply for pleasure? Poor people, duty slaves, torn from their subjects, or constituency, or work, to lead the strenuous life of study on the Côte d'Azur! No wonder they all look so tired at the end of the season!

S. H. Carnival XLVI. is at the Gates of Nice, and will enter the town on the 21st amidst great rejoicings, lasting until April 2, international regattas terminating the programme. No one, unless forced to do so, would leave the Riviera before then. He, and especially she, who means to attend every fête of the Carnival must be prepared to spend time, trouble, and money over fancy dresses, burnous, gandouras, etc., as only silk and velvet may be used in the making of the many needed costumes. We are entering the hectic period of Riviera life!

The hero, the great shot of the week, at Monte Carlo, was Baron de Vinck, winner of the Grand Prix. Unfortunately, there are no lions on the Riviera—at least, not the sort of lions you can shoot with anything but the camera! Fortunately for the survival of sport and the fame of sportsmen, there are pigeons!



ENJOYING A MORNING STROLL: MISS PEGGY MARSH.

Photograph by E. Navello.



IN THE SUN OF THE SOUTH: MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY, MRS. EDMOND FOLJAMBE, AND MME. ALLATINI.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley is the wife of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., the Conservative Member for the New Forest and Christchurch Division of Hampshire. Her step-daughter—formerly Miss Edwina Ashley—is Lady Louis Mountbatten.—[Photograph by E. Navello.]

"Blues" were in progress, the lights lowered, the melancholy tune guiding the slow steps of the dancers, a certain M.P., who would probably prefer to remain nameless (politics are their own penalty), remarked to me: "We English are accused of taking our pleasure sadly, but look how seriously that

Stage and Society Stars in the Sunlight.



Miss Madge Saunders (right)
& Miss Yvonne Arnaud and
her husband at Monte Carlo.



Lady
Ribblesdale
at Cannes.



Lord Charles Hope,
Miss Astor (r)
& a friend.



With her husband: Mrs. Raymond Pollak
formerly Miss Lily St. John.

AT CANNES AND MONTE CARLO: WELL-KNOWN FOLK ON THE PREMIER WINTER PLAYGROUND OF SOCIETY.

Miss Madge Saunders is, in private life, Mrs. Leslie Henson, and is one of the loveliest of the young English actresses. Miss Yvonne Arnaud is French by birth, but is one of the most popular artists ever seen in London, and last appeared in the successful farce, "Tons of Money." Miss Lily St. John is the charming actress and vocalist who appeared

in "A Night Out," "The Naughty Princess," and other London productions.—The lawn-tennis enthusiasts who have been playing on the Côte d'Azur include Lord Charles Hope, the brother of the Marquess of Linlithgow; Lady Ribblesdale, who was formerly Mrs. J. J. Astor; and her daughter, Miss Astor.

Photographs by C.N.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The First "Ruddigore."

The magic of Gilbert and Sullivan is with us again. There is the same story to tell of the present season at the Princes' Theatre as of the two previous seasons since the war—crowds at every performance waiting for hours to get in, and compelling enthusiasm from gallery to stalls inside the theatre. Why do these operas appear to captivate to-day's new generation of playgoers exactly as they did those of thirty and more years ago? I don't doubt that the answer is the simple one—because, as near as can be, words and music are perfect.

"Ruddigore," which is the attraction of the moment, was first produced at the Savoy Theatre in January 1887. King Edward and Queen Alexandra—when they were Prince and Princess of Wales—intended to be present at the opening performance, but they were prevented at the last moment, and their box was occupied by the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress: and it is recorded that in the interval after the first act an opera-glass fell from the box and missed by a very few inches the head of the prima-donna, Mme. Albani, who sat below in the stalls. Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, Mr. Labouchere, Sir Charles Russell and Sir George Lewis were others in that first-night audience. George Grossmith played the part now played by Mr. Henry Lytton, and Miss Leonora Braham was the "sweet Rose Maybud."

I have read, too, that Lord Wolseley meant to be at the dress rehearsal to see if the military uniforms (of the Waterloo era) were correct in every particular; and indeed, when he found himself unable to attend, he sent the Quartermaster-General.

The New Mad Margaret.

The established favourites, Mr. Harry Lytton, Mr. Leo Sheffield, Miss Bertha Lewis, and Mr. Darrell Fancourt, are all at the top of their form—it gives one a thrill, the tumultuously affectionate reception that is theirs. One of the newcomers, Miss Eileen Sharp, who appears in the difficult acting part of Mad Margaret—and has been praised by discriminating critics—has had a dramatic rise. It is only about eighteen months since she was given a voice trial

and joined the chorus. Her experience was of the slightest.

Two Christmases ago she sang in the minstrel show which Mr. Harry Preston, of Brighton, gets up at his hotel, the Royal York. She was eager to go on the stage; and, indeed, it was Mr. Preston who introduced her to the notice of Mr. Richard Collet, the D'Oyly Carte general manager.

It was only a matter of weeks before the D'Oyly Carte management discovered that Miss Sharp possessed unusual talent. Her opportunity came on tour when Miss Catherine Ferguson, the company's leading soubrette, fell ill. Miss Sharp played five different parts in the course of a week. When Miss Ferguson left the D'Oyly Carte Company to go with her husband to Australia, Miss Sharp was selected to take her place.

Told by the Doctors.

Two tales I heard told at a recent gathering of medical men in London: One of the States of North America has a body whose mission is the abolition of the middle-men. A member was taken ill, and sent for the undertaker. The undertaker came, was

The customer thought things over. Then he whispered, "Give me a black bootlace. It's my mother-in-law."

William Le Queux's Hat.

Mr. William Le Queux has a hat which will not leave him. It is a hat that has travelled much, and had quite extraordinary adventures. This is how he told the tale to me:

"Just before Christmas I bought a real brown Austrian velour hat in Piccadilly, to take with me to Mürren. I put it on and went into the Devonshire Club, whereupon three of my friends said I looked like a Hun. I took the hat home, and the same opinion was expressed, with a hope that I should not wear it to winter sports in Switzerland. I did, despite all protests.

"On arrival at Interlaken I alighted from the *wagon-lit* wearing a golf-cap; and I was well on my way to Lauterbrunnen before I discovered that I had left the velour hat behind. At Mürren I telephoned to the stationmaster at Interlaken, and he promised that he would try and recover the lost hat: the *wagon-lit* in which I had travelled from Calais had gone on to Basle, but he would telephone. Many times I inquired about my hat, but obtained no news of it; and I gave it up for lost, thinking what joy it would be to those who had criticised my Hunnish appearance."

Six Weeks After. "One day, six weeks after my loss, I chanced to be in Interlaken, and entered the station-master's

office; whereupon he exclaimed in German: 'Ah! Your hat! It arrived last night! See here!' And he took down a neat brown-paper parcel, and there was my hat. In the band of it were stuck a number of yellow tickets with signatures which showed that during the weeks that had elapsed, it had travelled thousands of miles up and down Europe. It had been four times from Basle to Paris; three times from Calais to Coire; once from Calais to Ventimiglia by the Riviera 'blue train'; and once from Paris to Brussels. I stood aghast at the array of yellow travel-vouchers:

"The station-master charged me one franc eighty centimes for the journeyings of my hat, and I still have it. I want to lose it, but—impossible! I hang it in my club in the hope that it may be taken by mistake, and another left in its place. Yet it is really a very nice hat."



A LEAP-YEAR-DAY BRIDE: THE HON. FAITH PEASE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. MICHAEL WENTWORTH BEAUMONT IS FIXED FOR FEB. 29.

The Hon. Faith Pease is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Gainford. Her marriage to Mr. Michael Wentworth Beaumont is fixed to take place on Friday next, Feb. 29, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

Photograph by S. and G.

told by the patient that he did not feel well, and replied, in surprise:

"But you don't want me! It's a doctor you want."

"No, I don't," said the sick man angrily. "I don't want any middle-men."

And the second story: A man in a Northern town went into a haberdasher's and said he had to go into mourning. "Is deep mourning worn nowadays?" he asked.

"Well," replied the shopman; "it varies. If it's a relative who is not a very near relative, a black band on the sleeve is sufficient. If it's a friend, a black tie will do."



TO BE MARRIED IN LONDON ON THURSDAY NEXT, FEB. 28: EARL WINTERTON, M.P., AND THE HON. MONICA WILSON.

The marriage of Earl Winterton, M.P., and the Hon. Monica Wilson, daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, is fixed to take place on Thursday next, Feb. 28.—[Photograph by C.N.]

At the Meet at Petworth: With Lord Leconfield's.



MME. MERRY DEL VAL, WIFE OF H.E. THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR; EARL SPENCER, MR. HARRY HIGGINS, AND LADY EVELYN MALCOLM (L. TO R.).



WITH MRS. LASCELLES: LADY LECONFIELD (LEFT).

Lord Leconfield's Hounds met at Petworth, the seat of the Master, not long ago, and a number of well-known people assembled at the Meet. Lord Leconfield, who is the third Baron, has been Master since 1901, when he succeeded his father, the second Baron. He carries the horn himself. Lady Leconfield, who was married in 1911, is a daughter of the late Colonel Richard Hamilton Rawson, M.P. Earl Spencer, who succeeded his father in 1922, is the seventh holder of the title. His marriage to Lady Cynthia Hamilton, daughter of the third Duke of Abercorn, took place in 1919. Lady Evelyn Malcolm is one of the sisters of the Earl of Donoughmore. Her first husband, Colonel Francis Douglas Farquhar, D.S.O., was killed in the war, and last year she married Mr. Dougal Orme Malcolm.

Photographs by C. C. Garland.



WITH THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE: LORD LECONFIELD, M.F.H.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I SUPPOSE it would be a matter of considerable difficulty to discover the first Rugger Referee. Whoever he was, if still alive, he must be an old man by now. According to that great authority on the game, the late Arthur Budd, there were no referees or umpires of any sort in the middle 'seventies—a period during which hacking and tripping-over flourished. Anybody who got "off his side" in those dear old days was not only told about it by an opponent, but had his shins violently kicked by way of punishment. All that hacking and tripping that went on during the game sounds to us nowadays crude and barbarous; and, as a method of stopping the man with the ball, altogether contrary to true sportsmanship. Yet authorities tell us that it called for the very greatest skill and accuracy.

Every Rugger player of the 'sixties and late 'seventies could unerringly land an opponent a terrific hack on the shins any time he wanted to. That was taken for granted. But only the expert tripper knew how to administer to the man in possession that deft little kick on his back leg in the air which knocked it behind the other one and brought him down. That kind of thing took a bit of doing; and such a man was certain of a place in any team.

As I have said, there were no umpires or referees at this time. I do not know whether it was that no one could be found courageous enough to enter the arena among such a crowd of—shall we say?—hooligans; but it is a significant fact that Arthur Budd, in an article on the game in the "Encyclopædia of Sport," immediately after telling us that hacking was abolished in club games, announces the début of two umpires and a referee. The referee in the early days was only called upon to give his decision if the two umpires disagreed.

It was shortly after this that some bright soul thought of having the allowance of appeals set to music; and so for the first time the referee was given a wind instrument. This at once made for brighter Rugger; especially when, in addition, the umpires were each presented with a gay little flag instead of just a plain stick, which they previously carried. But these appeals were finally abolished; the umpires were transformed into touch-judges, and the referee became the autocrat of the Rugger field.

If I were to meet an octogenarian who played Rugger in the 'sixties, in view of the many regrettable incidents reported as

having taken place in important matches recently (forwards biting each other's ears in the scrum, for instance), I should like to ask him if he thinks the game is as rough to-day as it was, say, sixty years ago. To which he might quite well be expected to reply, in the somewhat bombastic fashion of George R. Sims's lifeboat man: "Rough? Lor' bless ye, Sir, this ain't what we calls rough. It's when the scrum's a regular 'ell of 'ackin—that's when we calls it rough."

Yes, of course; it must have been a little bit on the rough side in those days. A scrum was then composed of fifteen a

could get through to him.

"What made you take up the duties of referee?" was my first question.

"Well," replied old Blower, "I come of a musical family. Nearly all of us were taught to play some kind of instrument or another; so that the chance of such a position as soloist on the silver whistle, with running accompaniment, appealed to me enormously. I invariably used to practise an hour a day in the season; and, before a big match, sometimes two. Yes, I wrote the music for 'Foot Up,' but whom the words are by I couldn't tell you. It was entirely my own original composition, and was always considered to be my masterpiece. As a well-known International player once said to me: 'The first part of the music expresses all the horror of the offence; and then seems to change appropriately to a note of sorrow at the necessity of punishing it.'"

I was glad he was doing all the talking; but I wanted to switch him off the musical side of the job of refereeing to tell me about the physical side. So I shouted down the funnel, "Do you think you could keep up with the present fast state of the game? In your day it must have been much easier work."

I couldn't make him understand the question for a long time; but after repeatedly bellowing at close quarters, he seemed to catch the gist of it. "Ah, I know what you mean," he said; "you think that we spent most of our time sitting in a chair with a foot-warmer, a rug over our knees, and a glass of hot grog, watching the maul in goal. Or you imagine because the scrums in the old days were nothing

but prolonged shoving contests, that it was a soft job to referee them. Believe me, it was a miserably cold, dull job. It was the very antithesis of the present day. Then there was not enough running about; to-day there is too much—for some of them, at any rate. Many a referee caught his death of cold watching a maul in goal."

"Was that why you retired so early from the duties?" I inquired cynically; for he was nearly sixty years of age when he gave his farewell blast for "No Side" in a heartfelt tone. "No; it was my deafness that decided me to give up," he replied sadly. "All the charm of the game went for me when I could no longer hear the dear boys' language in the scrum."

And as the old man wiped away a tear with one hand, I shook the other warmly, and departed.



side, and they shoved against one another for the best part of ten minutes—hacking at each other's shins hard most of the time. And there was no putting your head down in the scrum as there is to-day. Anyone who was silly enough to attempt it got an opponent's knee in his face.

I believe I have discovered the oldest living referee. Anyhow, he looks like it; so we'll say he is. He's been refereeing—man and boy, as it were—oh, for ever so long; certainly he was at it when mauls in goal were in their prime, and that's forty years ago.

I found Mr. Ernest Blower hale and hearty and very ready to talk; but so frightfully deaf that I had to shout down a large loud-speaker, that he held to his ear, before I

A Coming-of-Age and Two Weddings of Note.



THE COMING-OF-AGE HOUSE-PARTY AT WALDERSHARE PARK: MAJOR WYKEHAM MUSGRAVE, M.C., MR. V. HARDWICK, MR. J. J. PAWSON, MRS. FLOWER, LORD NORTH, THE COUNTESS OF GUILFORD, THE HON. CHARLES NORTH, LADY CYNTHIA NORTH, MR. FLOWER, THE EARL OF GUILFORD, THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF GUILFORD, THE HON. JOHN NORTH, LADY MURIEL NORTH, MISS BUSHBY, AND MISS MAYBURY (L. TO R.).



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS OLIVE SIMPSON AND MR. FRANCIS E. C. BLAKE: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, BRIDESMAIDS, BEST MAN, AND TRAIN-BEARERS.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: MR. JULIAN CHARLESWORTH AND HIS BRIDE, MISS SYBIL PRIDEAUX-BRUNE.

The coming-of-age of Lord North, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Guilford, was celebrated at Waldershare Park, Dover, last week. Lady Cynthia and Lady Muriel North are Lord and Lady Guilford's two daughters, and the Hon. John and the Hon. Charles North their two younger sons. Lady Guilford was formerly Miss Pawson.—The marriage of Miss Olive Simpson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Liddell Simpson, to Mr. Francis E. C. Blake, elder son of Sir Francis Blake,

was celebrated at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridesmaids were Miss Ivy Fenwick, Miss Ursula Moberley, Miss Joan Simpson, and Miss Kathleen Eccles, and the train-bearers, Master Arthur Fell and Miss Mary Selby-Bigge; and Captain Arthur Brumell, M.C., was best man.—Mr. Julian Charlesworth is the son of Mr. J. B. Charlesworth, of Gunton Hall. His marriage to Miss Sybil Prideaux-Brune, youngest daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Prideaux-Brune, was celebrated last week.

Photographs by Bassano, Vandyk, and Alfieri.

OVER THE STICKS AT LEICESTER:



Miss Graham & Col. Spiller.

Miss Lee &
Miss Hemmings



Col. Belville & Mrs. Massey.



Lord Stalbridge, M.F.H. & Mrs. Brassey.



Sir Thomas Stafford & Capt. & Mrs. Stafford.

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE WHO FACED THE COLD:

Cold though the weather was at Leicester, there was no suggestion of frost, and interesting racing was witnessed. Lord Stalbridge, M.C., who is the Master of Fernie's, is the second Baron.—Lord Londesborough, who is one of the Stewards of the meeting, won the Leicestershire Handicap Hurdle Race on the first day, with his Dudley. Lord Londesborough is the fourth Earl, and is the brother of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke.—Sir Thomas Stafford

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE COURSE.



Mrs. Arthur Cook,
Lady Zia Wernher & Mrs. Poklewski.



Lord Londesborough & Sir William Bass (right)



Mr. G. Hastings & the Duchess of Westminster.



Mrs. Dabington, Capt. Blew Jones & Capt. Dabington.

"WHO'S WHO" AT A POPULAR MEETING.

is the first Baronet, of Rockingham, Co. Roscommon, and has one son, Captain Cecil Stafford. Sir Thomas's Emboss was third in the Blaby Handicap Steeplechase on the first day.—Sir William Bass is the second Baronet. His wife is Lady Noreen Bass, the youngest daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon. Lady Zia Wernher is the wife of Captain Wernher, and the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysteribus Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. IX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE PEROXIDE BLONDE.

IT must sometimes seem as though our whole time was spent in circumventing the activities of the Big Four. In a sense this was so. Never for one instant did Poirot lose sight of the fact that he was up against the biggest thing he had ever tackled. Nevertheless, two or three months would elapse sometimes without a sign or hint of our opponents; and in the meantime, of course, cases were continually being brought to Poirot to solve. Not that they were uninteresting in themselves—some presented unusual and piquant features which at another time I should have enjoyed chronicling—but the shadow of the Big Four obscured all else. And although Poirot displayed his usual acumen, his heart was not in the business. All work other than the Big Work was irksome to him.

Some months had passed now since we had seen or heard of the Big Four. Mme. Olivier, the French scientist, was mentioned now and then in the newspapers as concluding some experiment. The American, Abe Ryland, the richest man in the world, had returned to New York, and the American newspapers kept us fully informed as to his movements. Of Number One, the obscure Chinaman, Li Chang Yen, the head and controlling genius of the organisation, no mention was ever made in any journal. Nevertheless, there were a select few, Englishmen who really knew their China, who realised the powerful personality that moved the levers of the Asiatic world.

"To know is to be prepared," said Poirot. It was a favourite axiom of his of late—so much so that I had begun to hate the sound of it.

"We know something, Hastings," he continued. "Yes, we know something—and that is to the good—but we do not know nearly enough. We must know more."

"In what way?"

Poirot settled himself back in his chair, straightened a box of matches which I had thrown carelessly down on the table, and assumed an attitude that I knew only too well. I saw that he was prepared to hold forth at some length.

"See you, Hastings, we have to contend against four adversaries—that is, against four different personalities. With Number One we have never come into personal contact—we know him, as it were, only by the impress of his mind (and, in passing, Hastings, I will tell you that I begin to understand that mind very well: a mind most subtle and Oriental—every scheme and plot that we have encountered has emanated from the brain of Li Chang Yen). Number Two and Number Three are so powerful, so high up, that they are, for the present, immune from our attacks. Nevertheless, what is their safeguard is, by a perverse chance, our safeguard also. They are so much in the limelight that their movements must be carefully ordered. And so we come to the last member of the gang—we come to the man known as Number Four."

Poirot's voice altered a little, as it always did when speaking of this particular individual.

"Number Two and Number Three are able to succeed, to go their way unscathed, owing

to their notoriety and their assured position. Number Four succeeds for the opposite reason—he succeeds by the way of obscurity. Who is he? Nobody knows. What does he look like? Again, nobody knows. How many times have we seen him, you and I? Five times, is it not? And could either of us say truthfully that we would be sure of recognising him again?"

I was forced to shake my head, as I ran back in my mind over those five different people who, incredible as it seemed, were one and the same man; the burly lunatic-asylum keeper, the man in the buttoned-up overcoat in Paris, James the footman, the quiet young medical man in the Yellow Jasmine case, and the Russian Professor. In no way did any two of these people resemble each other.

"No," I said hopelessly; "we've nothing to go by whatsoever."

Poirot smiled.

"Do not, I pray of you, give way to such enthusiastic despair. We know one or two things."

"What kind of things?" I asked sceptically.

"We know that he is a man of medium height, and of medium or fair colouring. If he were a tall man of swarthy complexion, he could never have passed himself off as the fair, stocky doctor. It is child's-play, of course, to put on an additional inch or so for the part of James, or the Professor. In the same way, he must have a short, straight nose. Additions can be built on to a nose by skilful make-up, but a large nose cannot be successfully reduced at a moment's notice. Then, again, he must be a fairly young man—certainly not over thirty-five. You see, we are getting somewhere. A man between thirty and thirty-five, of medium height and colouring, an adept in the art of make-up; and with very few, or any, teeth of his own."

"What?"

"Surely, Hastings. As the keeper, his teeth were broken and discoloured; in Paris they were even and white; as the doctor they protruded slightly; and as Savaronoff they had unusually long canines. Nothing alters the face so completely as a different set of teeth. You see where all this is leading us?"

"Not exactly," I said cautiously.

"A man carries his profession written in his face, they say."

"He's a criminal," I cried.

"He is an adept in the art of making up."

"It's the same thing."

"Rather a sweeping statement, Hastings; and one which would hardly be appreciated by the theatrical world. Do you not see that the man is, or has been, at one time or another, an actor?"

"An actor?"

"But certainly. He has the whole technique at his finger-tips. Now, there are two classes of actors: the one who sinks himself in his part, and the one who manages to impress his own personality upon it. It is from the latter class that actor-managers usually spring. They seize a part and mould it to their own personality. The former class is quite likely to spend its days doing Mr. Lloyd George at different music-halls, or

impersonating old men with beards in repertory plays. It is among that former class that

we must look for our Number Four. He is a supreme artist in the way he sinks himself in each part he plays."

I was growing interested.

"So you fancy you may be able to trace his identity through his connection with the stage?"

"Your reasoning is always brilliant, Hastings."

"It might have been better," I said coldly, "if the idea had come to you sooner. We have wasted a lot of time."

"You are in error, *mon ami*. There has been no avoidable waste of time. For some months now my agents have been engaged on the task. Joseph Aarons is one of them. You remember him? They have compiled a list for me of men fulfilling the necessary qualifications—young men round about the age of thirty, of more or less nondescript appearance, and with a gift for playing character parts—men, moreover, who have definitely left the stage within the last three years."

"Well?" I said, deeply interested.

"The list was, necessarily, rather a long one. For some time now, we have been engaged on the task of elimination. And finally we have boiled the whole thing down to four names. Here they are, my friend."

He tossed me over a sheet of paper. I read its contents aloud.

"Ernest Luttrell. Son of a North Country parson. Always had a kink of some kind in his moral make-up. Was expelled from his public school. Went on the stage at the age of twenty-three. (There followed a list of parts he had played, with dates and places.) Addicted to drugs. Supposed to have gone to Australia four years ago. Cannot be traced after leaving England. Age thirty-two, height 5 ft. 10½ in., clean-shaven, hair brown, nose straight, complexion fair, eyes grey."

"John St. Maur. Assumed name. Real name not known. Believed to be of Cockney extraction. On stage since quite a child. Did music-hall impersonations. Not been heard of for three years. Age about thirty-three, height 5 ft. 10 in., slim build, blue eyes, fair colouring."

"Austen Lee. Assumed name. Real name Austen Foly. Good family. Always had taste for acting, and distinguished himself in that way at Oxford. Brilliant war record. Acted in... (The usual list followed. It included many repertory plays.) An enthusiast on criminology. Had bad nervous breakdown as the result of a motor accident three-and-a-half years ago, and has not appeared on the stage since. No clue to his present whereabouts. Age thirty-five, height 5 ft. 9½ in., complexion fair, eyes blue, hair brown."

"Claud Darell. Supposed to be real name. Some mystery about his origin. Played at music-halls, also in repertory plays. Seems to have had no intimate friends. Was in China in 1919. Returned by way of America. Played a few parts in New York. Did not appear on the stage

[Continued on page 409.]



HERCULE POIROT.

A Luxurious Problem !



AN INSPECTOR OF ANTIQUITIES.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

To Marry a Descendant of Cromwell.



ENGAGED TO MR. GEOFFREY BERNERS: MISS NESTA SAWYER.

Miss Nesta Sawyer, whose engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Berners, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Berners, of Woolverstone Park, Ipswich, has been announced, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sawyer. Mr. Berners comes of an ancient family, who have owned Woolverstone Park for many generations, and traces

his descent from Oliver Cromwell, as one of his ancestors married Miss Mary Bendysh, the great-great-granddaughter of the Protector. The Berners, by the way, give their name to Berners Street. Miss Sawyer has recently been in Switzerland for the winter sports. She is an expert skater.—[*Photograph by Hay Wrightson.*]

Wife of the Inventor of Paravanes



FORMERLY MISS GLADYS HIGH: MRS. CHARLES DENISTOUN BURNEY.

Mrs. Burney is the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Charles Denistoun Burney, C.M.G., M.P., only son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Cecil Burney, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., first Baronet, and is the daughter of Mr. George Henry High, of Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Lieutenant-

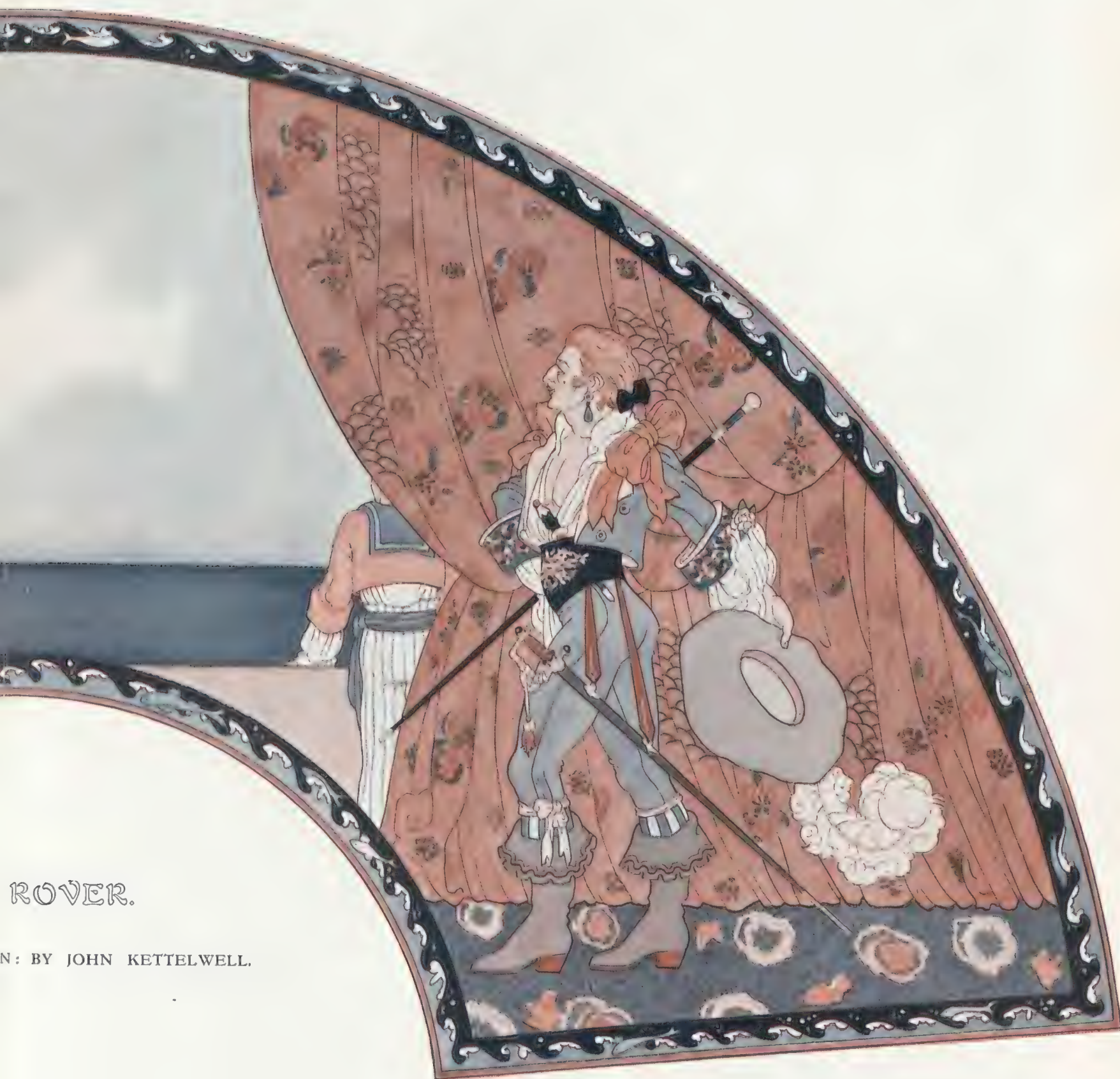
Commander Burney, who was elected as Conservative Member for Uxbridge in 1922, is the inventor of the Explosive Paravane and Protector Paravane. His marriage took place in 1921, and he and Mrs. Burney have a small son, born last year.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



THE

A DESIGN FOR A FA



ROVER.

N: BY JOHN KETTELWELL.

"Talon Rouge."



THE EXQUISITE.

"Talon Rouge," or "Red Heel," was the name by which the fashionable aristocrat was known in the eighteenth century, the appellation being

synonymous with our slang term "blood"; so this exquisite of a past age, pictured by T. Mackenzie, deserves the title.

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. MACKENZIE.

Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO RUNS THROUGH!

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"Bonzo's Star Turns"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.

The Eldest of Three Lovely Sisters.



FORMERLY LADY KATHLEEN THYNNE: LADY KATHLEEN STANLEY.

Lady Kathleen Stanley is the eldest of the three beautiful daughters of the Marquess of Bath, K.G., P.C., C.B., who was appointed Master of the Horse to his Majesty in 1922, and has just been succeeded by the Earl of Granard. Lady Kathleen's marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Oliver Stanley, D.S.O., younger son of the Earl

of Sheffield, took place in 1919, and she has one little boy, John Oliver Stanley, born in 1922. Lady Kathleen Stanley's sisters are the Marchioness of Northampton and Lady Mary Thynne, who made her début last year, and is one of the loveliest young girls in Society. She has one brother, Viscount Weymouth, who was born in 1905.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY YEVONDE.

(Continued.)

one night, and has never been heard of since. New York police say most mysterious disappearance. Age about thirty-three, hair brown, fair complexion, grey eyes. Height 5 ft. 10 in."

"Most interesting," I said, as I laid down the paper. "And so this is the result of the investigation of months? These four names. Which of them are you inclined to suspect?"

Poirot made an eloquent gesture.

"*Mon ami*, for the moment it is an open question. I would just point out to you that Claud Darell has been in China and America—a fact not without significance, perhaps; but we must not allow ourselves to be unduly biassed by that point. It may be a mere coincidence."

"And the next step?" I asked eagerly.

"Affairs are already in train. Every day cautiously worded advertisements will appear. Friends and relatives of one or the others will be asked to communicate with my solicitor at his office. Even to-day we might. . . . Aha! the telephone. Probably it is, as usual, the wrong number, and they will regret to have troubled us; but it may be—yes, it may be—that something has arisen."

I crossed the room and picked up the receiver.

"Yes, yes. M. Poirot's rooms. Yes, Captain Hastings speaking. Oh, it's you, Mr. McNeil." (McNeil and Hodgson were Poirot's solicitors.) "I'll tell him. Yes, we'll come round at once."

I replaced the receiver, and turned to Poirot, my eyes dancing with excitement.

"I say, Poirot; there's a woman there. Friend of Claud Darell's. Miss Flossie Monroe. McNeil wants you to come round."

"At the instant!" cried Poirot, disappearing into his bed-room, and reappearing with a hat.

A taxi soon took us to our destination, and we were ushered into Mr. McNeil's private office. Sitting in the armchair facing the solicitor was a somewhat lurid-looking lady, no longer in her first youth. Her hair was of an impossible yellow, and was prolific in curls over each ear; her eyelids were heavily blackened; and she had by no means forgotten the rouge and the lip-salve.

"Ah, here is M. Poirot," said Mr. McNeil. "M. Poirot, this is Miss—er—Monro, who has very kindly called to give us some information."

"Ah, but that is indeed most kind!" cried Poirot.

He came forward with great *empressement* and shook the lady warmly by the hand.

"*Mademoiselle* blooms like a flower in this dry-as-dust old office," he added, careless of the feelings of Mr. McNeil.

This outrageous flattery was not without effect. Miss Monroe blushed and simpered.

"Oh, go on now, Mr. Poirot!" she exclaimed. "I know what you Frenchmen are like."

"*Mademoiselle*, we are not mute like Englishmen before beauty. Not that I am a Frenchman—I am a Belgian, you see."

"I've been to Ostend myself," said Miss Monroe.

The whole affair, as Poirot would have said, was marching splendidly.

"And so you can tell us something about Mr. Claud Darell?" continued Poirot.

"I knew Mr. Darell very well at one time," explained the lady. "And when I saw your advertisement, being out of a shop for the moment and my time being my own, I said to myself, 'There, they want to know about poor old Claudie—lawyers, too. Maybe it's a fortune looking for the rightful heir—I'd better go round at once.'"

Mr. McNeil rose.

"Well, M. Poirot, shall I leave you for a little conversation with Miss Monroe?"

"You are too amiable. But stay—a little idea presents itself to me. The hour of the

déjeuner approaches. *Mademoiselle* will perhaps honour me by coming out to luncheon with me?"

Miss Monroe's eyes glistened. It struck me that she was in exceedingly low water, and that the chance of a square meal was not to be despised.

A few minutes later saw us all in a taxi, bound for one of London's most expensive restaurants. Once arrived there, Poirot ordered a most delectable lunch, and then turned to his guest.

"And for wine, *Mademoiselle*? What do you say to champagne?"

Miss Monroe said nothing—or everything.

The meal started pleasantly. Poirot replenished the lady's glass with thoughtful assiduity, and gradually slid on to the topic nearest his heart.

"The poor Mr. Darell. What a pity he is not with us."

"Yes, indeed," sighed Miss Monroe. "Poor boy, I do wonder what's become of him."

"It is a long time since you have seen him—yes?"

"Oh, simply ages—not since the war! He was a funny boy, Claudie, very close about things; never told you a word about himself. But, of course, that all fits in if he's a missing heir. Is it a title, Mr. Poirot?"

"Alas! a mere heritage," said Poirot unblushingly. "But you see, it may be a question of identification. That is why it is necessary for us to find someone who knew him very well indeed. You knew him very well, did you not, *Mademoiselle*?"

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Poirot. You're a gentleman. You know how to order a lunch for a lady—which is more than some of these young whippersnappers do nowadays. Downright mean, I call it. As I was saying, you, being a Frenchman, won't be shocked. Ah, you Frenchmen! Naughty! Naughty!" She wagged her finger at him in an excess of archness. "Well, there it was, me and Claudie, two young things—what else could you expect? And I've still a kindly feeling for him. Though, mind you, he didn't treat me well—no, he didn't; he didn't treat me well at all. Not as a lady should be treated. They're all the same when it comes to a question of money."

"No, no, *Mademoiselle*; do not say that," protested Poirot, filling up her glass once more. "Could you now describe this Mr. Darell to me?"

"He wasn't anything so very much to look at," said Flossie Monroe dreamily. "Neither tall nor short, you know, but quite well-set-up. Spruce-looking. Eyes a sort of blue-grey. And more or less fair-haired, I suppose. But oh, what an artist! I never saw anyone to touch him in the profession! He'd have made his name before now if it hadn't been for jealousy. Ah, Mr. Poirot, jealousy—you wouldn't believe it, you really wouldn't, what we artists have to suffer through jealousy. Why, I remember once at Manchester—"

We displayed what patience we could in listening to a long, complicated story about a pantomime, and the infamous conduct of the principal boy. Then Poirot led her gently back to the subject of Claud Darell.

"It is very interesting, all this that you are able to tell us, *Mademoiselle*, about Mr. Darell. Women are such wonderful observers; they see everything—they notice the little detail that escapes the mere man. I have seen a woman identify one man out of a dozen others—and why, do you think? She had observed that he had a trick of stroking his nose when he was agitated. Now would a man ever have thought of noticing a thing like that?"

"Did you ever?" cried Miss Monroe. "I suppose we do notice things. I remember Claudie, now I come to think of it, always fiddling with his bread at table. He'd get a little piece between his fingers and then dab it round to pick up crumbs. I've seen

him do it a hundred times. Why, I'd know him anywhere by that one trick of his."

"Is not that just what I say? The marvellous observation of a woman. And did you ever speak to him about this little habit of his, *Mademoiselle*?"

"No, I didn't, Mr. Poirot. You know what men are! They don't like you to notice things—especially if it should seem you were telling them off about it. I never said a word—but many's the time I've smiled to myself. Bless you, he never knew he was doing it even."

Poirot nodded gently. I noticed that his own hand was shaking a little as he stretched it out to his glass.

"Then there is always handwriting as a means of establishing identity," he remarked. "Without doubt you have preserved a letter written by Mr. Darell?"

Flossie Monroe shook her head regretfully. "He was never one for writing. Never wrote me a line in his life."

"That is a pity," said Poirot.

"I tell you what, though," said Miss Monroe suddenly. "I've got a photograph, if that would be any good?"

"You have a photograph?"

Poirot almost sprang from his seat with excitement.

"It's quite an old one—eight years old at least."

"*Ça ne fait rien!* No matter how old and faded! Ah! *ma foi!* But what stupendous luck. You will permit me to inspect that photograph, *Mademoiselle*?"

"Why, of course."

"Perhaps you will even allow me to have a copy made? It would not take long."

"Certainly, if you like."

Miss Monroe rose.

"Well, I must run away," she declared archly. "Very glad to have met you and your friend, Mr. Poirot."

"And the photograph? When may I have it?"

"I'll look it out to-night. I think I know where to lay my hand upon it. And I'll send it to you right away."

"A thousand thanks, *Mademoiselle*. You are all that is of the most amiable. I hope that we shall soon be able to arrange another little lunch together."

"As soon as you like," said Miss Monroe. "I'm willing."

"Let me see, I do not think that I have your address?"

With a grand air, Miss Monroe drew a card from her handbag, and handed it to him. It was a somewhat dirty card, and the original address had been scratched out and another substituted in pencil.

Then, with a good many bows and gesticulations on Poirot's part, we bade farewell to the lady and got away.

"Do you really think this photograph so important?" I asked Poirot.

"Yes, *mon ami*. The camera does not lie. One can magnify a photograph, seize salient points that otherwise would remain unnoticed. And then there are a thousand details—such as the structure of the ears, which no one could ever describe to you in words. Oh, yes, it is a great chance, this which has come our way. That is why I propose to take precautions."

He went across to the telephone as he finished speaking, and gave a number which I knew to be that of a private detective agency which he sometimes employed. His instructions were clear and definite. Two men were to go to the address he gave, and, in general terms, were to watch over the safety of Miss Monroe. They were to follow her wherever she went.

Poirot hung up the receiver and came back to me.

"Do you really think that necessary, Poirot?" I asked.

"It may be. There is no doubt that we are watched, you and I; and since that is

[Continued on page xiv.]

FILMS OF THE MOMENT: NO. VI. "DESTINY"—



THE STORY OF THE THIRD CANDLE: LIANG ESCAPES WITH TIAO TSIEH.



THE WRATH OF THE "HORRIBLE OLD CACTUS" IS ROUSED: THE ANGER OF THE GOVERNOR, TSHU SHUAN WANG.



THE STORY OF THE SECOND CANDLE: HIGH REVELRY IN VENICE.



THE STORY OF THE FIRST CANDLE: THEIR FAILURE TO

"Destiny," which was shown for the first time last week at the Polytechnic, is an extremely interesting film. The story is the old legend of the girl whose lover is snatched from her by death, and who makes a bargain with the Destroyer that her man may come back to her if she be able to prolong the life of one human being; or else to bring one willing victim to the grave. The three lives she attempts to prolong are typified by three candles, each of which introduces a dramatic story. The first part is laid in Baghdad, and retails the tragedy of Lobeide, the Calif's sister, and her Frank lover. She attempts to save him, but fails, and the first candle gutters out. The second light is the story of Monna Fiammetta, the Venetian girl, who loves Giovan Francesco, and is betrothed to Girolamo. Francesco falls into danger,

IN THREE CANDLES — AT THE POLYTECHNIC.



THE MAGIC OF OLD CHINA ON THE SCREEN: LIANG ATTEMPTS TO HUMOUR THE GOVERNOR.



THE LAST CANDLE GUTTERS OUT: LIANG IS SHOT BY AN ARROW FROM THE GOVERNOR'S ARCHER.



THE SOLDIERS OF THE CALIF REPORT CAPTURE THE FRANK.



THE TRAGEDY OF THE THIRD CANDLE: THE PURSUIT OF THE MAGICIAN AND HIS LOVE.

and Fiammetta not only fails to save him, but actually causes his death; so the second candle gutters out. The third candle tells the story of the Chinese magician who seeks to save his love, Tiao Tsien, from the evil old Governor. They call in all the power of their spells, but in vain—and the third candle gutters out. The girl then attempts to bring a willing victim to the grave, and in her search, drops her candle and sets fire to a house. In the danger she learns self-forgetfulness, and rescues a child from the flames, thus reaching her lover through the love which is stronger than death. The picture features: Mr. Bernhard Gotzke, Miss Lil Dagover, and Mr. Walter Janssen, and hails from Germany. The United Kingdom rights are in the hands of the Phillips Film Company.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"LORD O' CREATION," AT THE SAVOY.

WITH a pal, on a cruise, he came to Scotland; he saw a bonnie lass, and married her. For sixteen happy years they lived together; and if he was not often at home—for he had a job in the mercantile marine that called him often to England—love remained strong and there were three bairns in token of it.

In reality, and in spite of his Scotch accent, he was a big pot in England—a ruler of the seas; and had his friend not blundered and wagered with a formidable rival, a shipping lord, that he would find him in his week-end retreat, unknown to all the world, his secret marriage would never have leaked out.

Yet all the time there was one who knew who he was and what he was. Trust woman, Lord o' Creation, to find out the ways of men. But she had carefully hidden her discovery of his doings, flourished by the Press, in a scrap-book, and never by sign or word did she betray that she knew his secret. For she realised that she was not the kind of woman who would fit in well in the great world of wealth and Society—that she might lose his love if she spoilt the idyll of the cottage and the simple life.

It is a pretty romance, prettily told, and it is not as archaic as it seems. In the annals of the Courts of Chancery there are many tales of big men who married secretly, and for social reasons concealed the double life of bachelorhood in town, and home and children in the country. It is one of those plays that stand or fall by the mood of the spectator. If you approach it in realistic spirit, exacting truth and nothing but truth, in severe analysis of detail, it may not please you. If, however, you let yourself go in sympathy towards a very chivalrous man and a fine, staunch type of woman, there is great pleasure in store for you. For here is an idyll in a happy nook of the world, far from the madding crowd, where good old-fashioned love prevails—and the rest does not matter.

Mr. Leon M. Lion, who himself plays the rival in business of the hero with great finesse (we seem to remember this Lord of Beau Brummell proclivities and the peculiarities of Hebraic descent), has gathered an excellent company around him for his new campaign. All the small parts were played to perfection, especially the old Scotch father of Mr. Horace Hodge, the delightful mother of the hero, Miss Mary Jerrold, the sweet and fairy-like ingénue of Miss Helen Coram. But the play depended on the characters of the lovers, Miss Mona Harrison and Mr. Ian Fleming. Both were excellent. One could have seen in the part of the great ship-owner a more dominating figure than Mr. Fleming; but none more virile, more romantic, more natural in his home surroundings, and in his straight, business-like ways in his sumptuous surroundings in England. He most happily showed us the lover and the hard-headed business man. Miss Mona Harrison's Scotch lass was all heart, soul, and understanding. Her simplicity never wavered; her knowledge of her husband's "other" life never oozed out—and this was sprung upon us as a great surprise. She was of the soil racy, and in the love scenes her fervour was as real as it was strong. Miss Harrison has found her place after years of effort and achievement in small parts. Now she has come to the front.

J. T. G.

II.

PHYLLIS DARE IN "THE STREET SINGER."

THE Duchess saw the painter at an art dealer's, where he tried to sell a picture. She fell in love with him at first sight, and, as he was as proud as he was poor, she disguised herself as a street singer, followed him to his studio, paid, unknown to him, large sums for his canvases, and bade him to her palace at Versailles, where the masquerade ended in a love-duet.

A pretty tale it is—just such a little fancy as French poets would imagine when meandering through the gardens of Trianon and Versailles. Mr. Fred Lonsdale, the author, famed by "Aren't We All?" has told it with a deft hand and with such coherence as keeps our interest from first to last. There is gaiety in the scenes of studio life, and a grand air in the palace. Mr. Fraser Simpson has set this romance to music, and well can it vie with the importations from Vienna. There is a melodious valse; there is a series of duets full of feeling and charm; there are concerted numbers light and humorous; there is a comic song of the would-be misogynist, "Oh, I hate women," which will run like wild-fire where-

(a capital actor), and a couple of new comedians—Mr. Hugh E. Wright, whose humour as the man 'oo 'ates woman, as he pretends, is so characteristic that he might be a brother of Fred and Huntly of that ilk; and a new soubrette, Miss Julia Hartley Milburn, whose ways of converting the misogynist are as captivating as they are saucy. Mr. Hector Abbas as a Jewish picture dealer makes capital fun of the *bon chien chasse de race*. The whole thing is entertaining and gay, and—best of all—it is English, quite English, you know!

J. T. G.

III.

"BACK TO METHUSELAH—PART 2," AT THE COURT.

THE gospel of the Brothers Barnabas is that we must get back to the longevity of Methuselah. Unless Man can stretch this little span of threescore years and ten to at least three centuries, he will be cast out by civilisation along with the mastodon, as a failure and an error. His present incapacity is due to lack of experience and want of days. For as soon as he begins to get a glimmer of the truth it is time to quit life's stage. The Brothers Barnabas are exponents of creative evolution. They are the Shavian mouthpieces and command all the brains. This is ludicrously evident when we meet the caricatures of two distinguished statesmen. So contemporary are the allusions, so impudent is the delineation, so ill-mannered at times the wit—even their wives are not spared—that I can forgive Savvy. Savvy is another Barnabas, a rude, irrepressible ingénue, with enough of the practical woman in her to get down to tin-tacks. The thought that the cook might live to be three hundred brings the abstractions down to earth. This is politics *pour rire*. It is a distortion and a burlesque that irritates us into laughter.

Lubin, being a classical scholar, is a butt of Shavian persiflage. Classicism at least emphasises the virtues of restraint, and I could wish that Mr. Shaw had absorbed something of its spirit. This is hardly drama. It is round-table debate—entertaining debate, provocative debate, and very lop-sided debate. The opposition are dummies of incompetence, ninepins to be bowled over by the Shavian catapult. It was Swift who said: "There is no more terrible picture than the thought of a race of men who could not die." The three hundred years' span is scarcely less terrifying. We are to outgrow

the weaknesses of the flesh (Savvy could scarcely flirt for three centuries), outgrow the little follies of meat, tobacco, and champagne suppers—in a word, leave all the nonsense behind. "It would be a sorry world," said Meredith, "if there were no d—d nonsense." Besides, we should lose all the fun Mr. Shaw now gives us. The Fabian Common-Room is translated on to the stage of the Court. Everything, from biology to the Bible, is discussed with verve, wit, and bias. Ideas bristle like porcupine quills; but there is one underlying passionate note; we must have faith—faith in men's divinity, faith that men can change this hell of earth into the paradise of Eden they once possessed—or we perish.

It was well acted. Leo Carrol and Osmund Willson did all they were expected to do as the politicians; Wallace Evennett and Frank Moore were sufficiently intolerant of futility as the Brothers Barnabas; while Eileen Beldon lived up to her part as "La Belle Sauvage."

J. T. G.



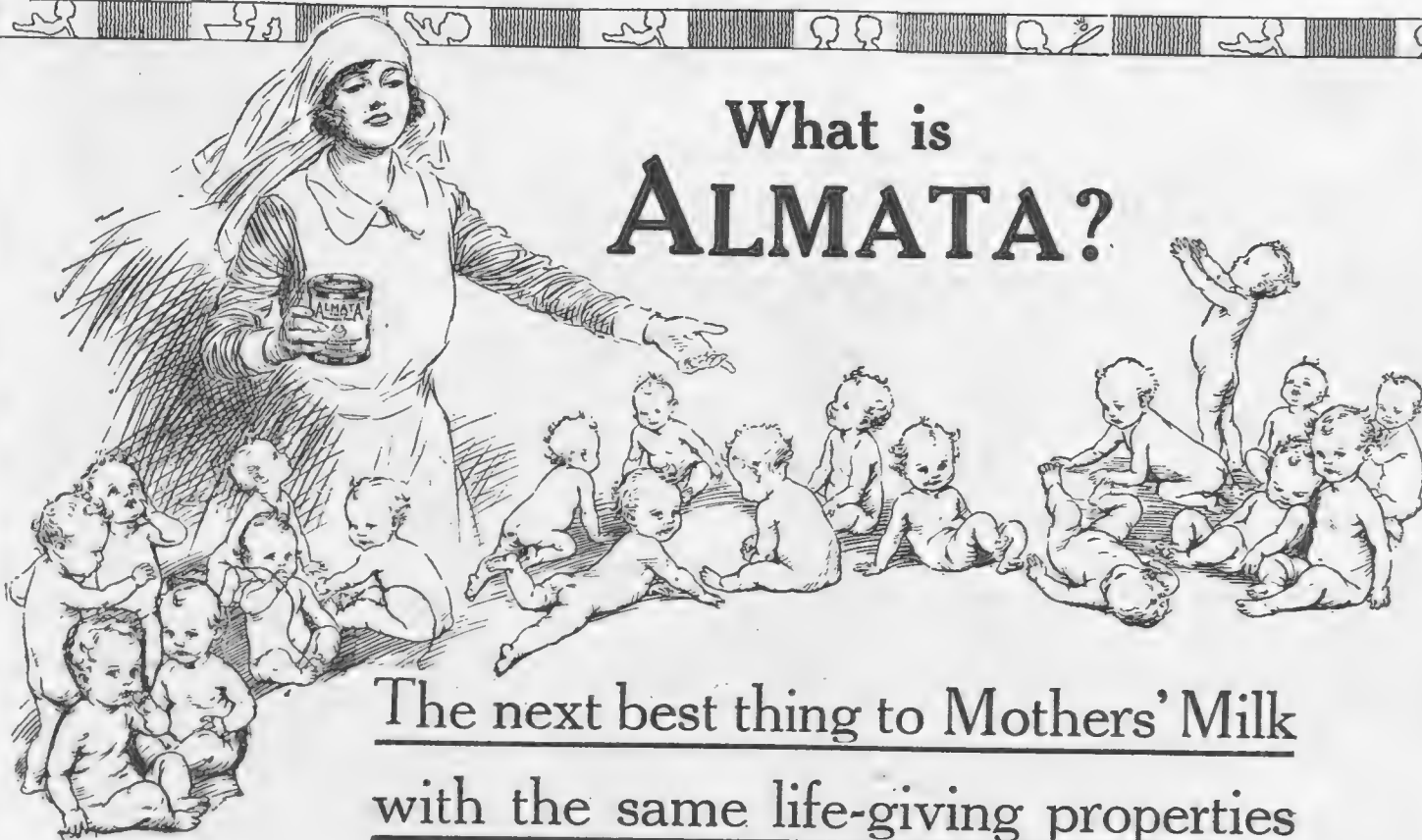
THE SHAVIAN ADAM AND EVE SEE DEATH FOR THE FIRST TIME: MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON DAVIES AND MR. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON IN PART I. OF "BACK TO METHUSELAH," AT THE COURT THEATRE. Londoners now have the chance of proving their mettle in the Shavian test of endurance, as "Back to Methuselah," the play by George Bernard Shaw which takes five nights to perform, was produced last week at the Court Theatre, by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre Company, who recently gave the cycle in their "home town." Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is seen in her original part of Eve.

Photograph by G.P.U.

ever it is heard; and in the additional numbers by Miss Ivy St. Helier there is a kind of Barcarolle, "Follow Yvette," which has a delightful Parisian flavour and a refrain of great charm. Withal the score marks great progress in Mr. Fraser Simpson's talent, and its originality is refreshing. When Miss Phyllis Dare brings this quite English work to London she will add to her laurels; in the great provincial cities "The Street Singer" is already the rage—they roll up in their thousands. For hers is a charming performance: she makes the most of her voice, and her acting as the street singer is as simple and engaging as her manner as the Duchess is grand and fascinating. She has one scene in which she shows that she is not only a comédienne, but an actress with feeling. It is a little duet between the proud poet and the Duchess, who convinces him that her love is sincere; it is spoken to music, and strikes a true dramatic note.

In her entourage Miss Dare has Mr. Harry Cain

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They have watched the progress of infants fed from birth on Almata; found them singularly free from minor ailments, well nourished, contented, immune from digestive disturbances.

They have noted the firm flesh and the consistent increase in weight, the absence of any sign of rickets, and the freedom from any trouble while teething.

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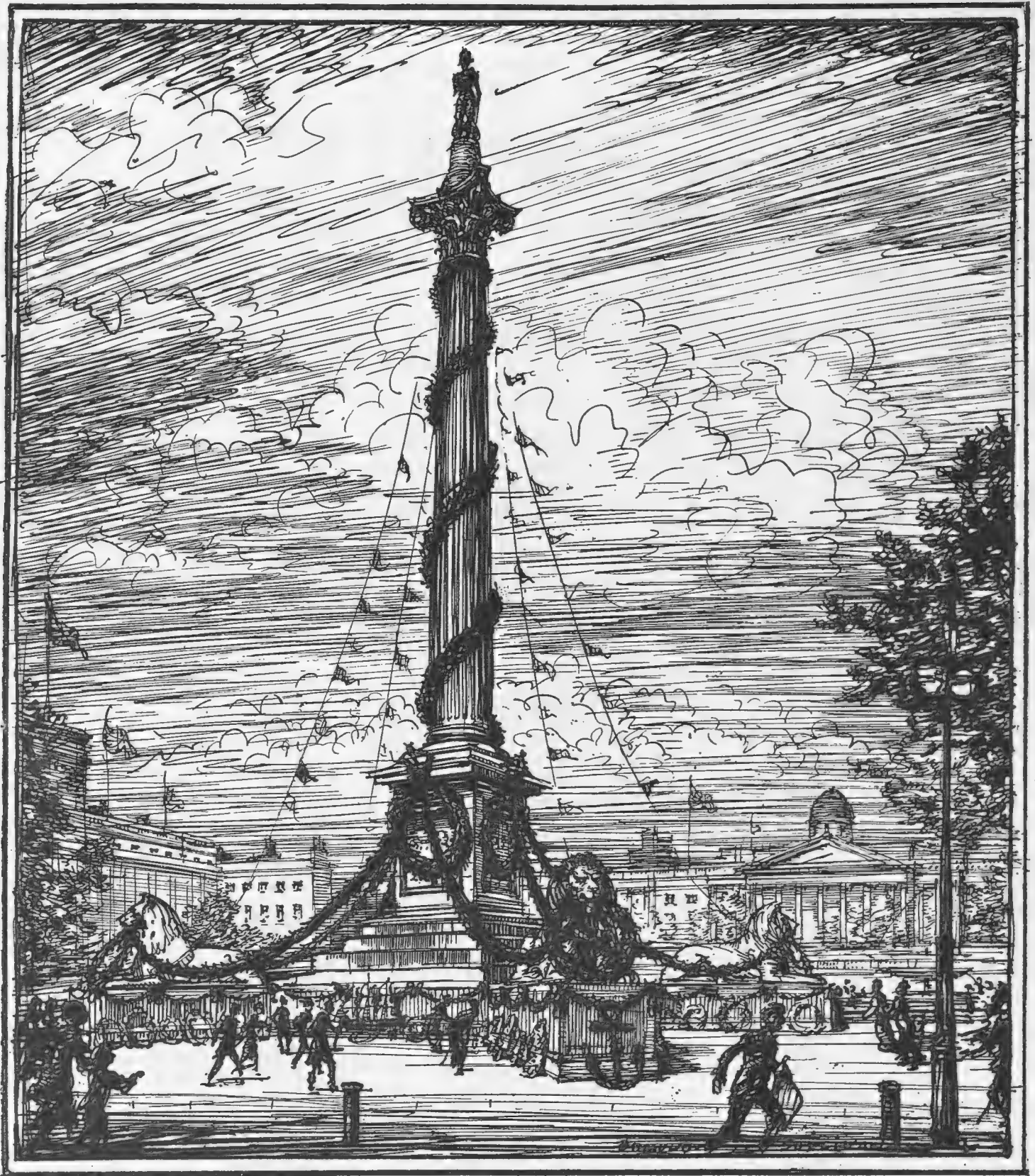
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The policy behind DEWAR'S has always been to preserve custom by maintaining quality. It has been carried out by the ample reservation of perfectly matured whisky in bond. Thus, and only thus could the consistent quality of DEWAR'S have stood the test of time.

Films of the Moment: No. VII. "The Temple of Venus."



DAY BATHING-
DRESSES FOR THE
'PICTURE' SMART SET:
CONNIE'S "BEACH-
WARMING PARTY."



EVENING BATHING-
DRESS FOR THE
'PICTURE' SMART SET:
THE COMPANY AT
THE HAWAIIAN
BEACH PARTY
GIVEN IN A CELLAR.

"The Temple of Venus," the latest Fox film, which was given for the first time on Monday last at the West End Cinema, is a screen story depicting the adventures of Cupid in the haunts of modern Society, to which he has been sent by Venus to see if Love, Youth, and Beauty still exist among mortals. The picture features Miss Mary Philbin as the simple country maiden who is loved by an artist, and the story is played

out by the sea, and in fast "City" Society. Our pictures illustrate the day-time bathing-dresses worn by some of the beautiful girls who take part in the film, and give exhibitions of swimming prowess; and the toilettes which they don for the daring Cellar Party given by Connie (Miss Phyllis Haver), which is intended to be the reproduction of a South Sea island beach.

Plays of the Moment: No. VIII. "The Camel's Back."



CONSOLATION PROVIDED BY THE COOK:
VALENTINE (FRANK CELLIER) AND SARAH
(OLIVE SLOANE).

THE CAJOLING OF THE DOCTOR: VALENTINE
(FRANK CELLIER), DR. DICKINSON (HOLMAN
CLARK), AND HERMIONE (MADGE TITHERADGE).



THE EXASPERATED VALENTINE BECOMES
VIOLENT: MR. FRANK CELLIER IN THE
NEW MAUGHAM COMEDY.



LOOKING AFTER THE "INVALID": MRS. LEFEVRE (MISS NINA BOUCICAULT), DENIS ARMSTRONG
(MR. JACK HOBBS), VALENTINE (MR. FRANK CELLIER), AND ENID (MISS ROSALINE COURTNEIDGE).

"The Camel's Back," the new comedy by W. Somerset Maugham at the Playhouse, is the story of Valentine, whose pomposity annoyed his wife. He made difficulties about the marriage of Enid and Denis, and she decided to retaliate by being irritating. Valentine became so exasperated that he behaved childishly, and his wife cajoled the Doctor into saying

that his head was affected. Valentine, however, adjusts the balance nicely by making love to the cook, and threatening to take her to Paris—a step which brings his wife to her senses, and lets the curtain go down on the married couple's decision to go together to the French capital.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

John Haig's Scots Whisky

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but sometimes it is so misleading as to be unwarrantable.

No name in the Scotch Whisky trade has been so assiduously copied as HAIG. This is because for close on three centuries it has connoted superlative quality; but the public should note that only whisky bearing the name

John Haig

is of that fine quality and perfect maturity which has made this whisky deservedly famous since 1627.



*Issued by John Haig & Company Ltd.
Distillers, Markinch, Scotland.*



WHO drinks Horlick's consistently does much towards coping with the strain of the social *monde* or the worries of the home.

Being a delicious combination of the valuable extracts of selected wheat flour and malted barley with pure, rich dairy milk, Horlick's Malted Milk builds up tissue, nerve and brain. It also confers reserves of energy most valuable to the woman who is responsible.



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At all chemists' in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-. A liberal sample for testing will be sent you for 3d. in stamps.
Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks, England.

For children, Horlick's gives mental and physical fitness—Ready in a minute with hot or cold water. No cooking.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Washington! When they wrote a book about Chicago, we stood it very well. But one never expected a similar attack on Washington, of all places! It only remains for some novelist to depict Boston with a pen dipped in vitriol. That would finish us off at a blow.

My recollection of Washington is of wide, stately streets, a small white house with a cow in front of it (the official home and cow of the President), beautiful buildings, no slums, palatial Government offices, and a small room in a big hotel for which I paid five and a half dollars for one night. And that was before the war.

In a word, one was impressed by Washington. One said to oneself as one was escorted round the city, "Here, at last, it is. Here is the final word. Here is the world's monument to Truth, Purity, Integrity, Dignity, and Independence. Further than this you cannot go. You have reached the limit. If you may not take off your shoes and socks, at any rate you can take off your hat."

I did so. I walked bare-headed in Washington. I knew what it stood for in the eyes of the world. And I was quite, quite sure that every legislator in it was dead honest (or honest dead), and every citizen care-free and happy.

Mr. Harvey Fergusson, author of "Capitol Hill," has weakened this touching belief. I won't say he has shattered it, but he has made it totter. After all, he ought to know his Washington. He is presumably an American, he has clearly lived in Washington, and I gather that he followed the calling of a journalist in that great city. If anybody ever knows a city through and through it is the journalist who has lived and worked in it. He may be a little cynical—journalists are apt to be cynical; I don't know why—but he knows his way about, and has no illusions.

Mr. Fergusson's hero is ambitious. He wants to be a politician. So they make him begin at the bottom of the ladder, which is the "folding-room":

"The folding-room was a long, narrow compartment in the basement of the House Office Building, with rough walls and a cement floor, provided with long tables of unpainted lumber and high stools. It looked more like a factory than an office. Its atmosphere was dank, and the small high windows up against the ceiling gave so little light that electricity was kept burning all the time. Here the printed speeches of congressmen were folded, placed in envelopes, and sacked for mailing to their constituents.

"The amount of this printed oratory was a thing to appal. Speeches bound into bales were piled to the very ceiling. Other bales were always being hauled in on hand

trucks, which went back loaded with tons of speeches folded, sacked and ready for shipment. At the long tables sat rows of men in their shirt-sleeves, folding speeches and putting them into envelopes with swift, deft movements. They were the very lowest grades of patronage employes—the minor faithful ones, rewarded with these positions at seventy-five dollars a month for work at the polls, for marching in political processions and whooping and clapping at political meetings and conventions. Here in the very bowels of government they toiled, stirring futilely and incessantly, like colon-bacilli, among its profuse excretions."

Well, there you are. What do you think of that? I was not shown the folding-room when I went to Washington. But perhaps the minor faithful ones were absent

position of eminence in the councils of his country.

"In general, the way to advancement in this, as in most lines of endeavour, was to win the friendship of older men who had already succeeded and to serve them faithfully. A young man such as Henry Lambert, who had ideas of his own and was determined to assert them, would inevitably fight a lone battle and win small booty. He would be regarded as unsafe and untractable. But for one who was willing to serve docilely the purposes of others, and to lubricate his way with the greases of flattery, Washington offered unusual advantages. Indeed, one of the leading professions of our capital is cultivating the friendship of the great. A man with an aptitude for this delicate art need never fear the pinch of want, nor yet need he undergo the strain of toil, while he may reasonably look forward to becoming a great man himself in due course and by natural succession."

How unlike our own dear land! There is one thing about this book; it will make every Englishman who reads it glow with insular pride!

The hero is just the fellow for success.

"Ralph heard of these easy and lucrative advancements with an eager stirring of ambition and envy. He was not a born hero-worshipper, as were many of these successful young men, nor had he the instinctive loyalty to strength which goes with weakness. But he had that greatest of all qualifications for worldly success, a complete freedom from ideas of his own. He was perfectly willing to serve whatever person or project would pay best, because he had no purpose save his own advancement. His vision for the main chance was keen and unclouded."

Of course, The Love Affair, there had to be a "love interest." Ralph, the hero, discovered a girl called Jane who was his affinity in worldly ambition. Jane was clever, and she is cleverly drawn. She had no intention of marrying Ralph; but she was annoyed with him because his love-making was "clumsy." It was her chief delight to tantalise him and make him miserable.

"Whenever he called upon her she was not alone. He spent uncomfortable evenings making laborious conversation

with her rigidly impressive grandmother, her mousey, scared-looking mother. He saw her alone only in taxi-cabs coming home from dances and the theatre. There at last he found courage to kiss her. She always fenced him off, with her head averted and a smile on her lips, until they were nearly home, and surrendered herself with a nice calculation so that their arrival coincided with the crisis of his ardours. She always seemed to be slipping out of his arms with a little laugh."

But Jane yielded at last to this amorous young statesman in embryo. Even in Washington they cannot hold out for ever.

[Continued overleaf.]



AUTHOR OF "THE BOWMEN"—FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "THE ANGELS OF MONS": MR. ARTHUR MACHEN—AS SAVA SEES HIM. Mr. Arthur Machen is the well-known author whose books include, "The Secret Glory," "Far-Off Things," "The Shining Pyramid," and the famous "The Bowmen," which will be remembered as "The Angels of Mons," the title by which it went familiarly during the war. Mr. Machen was born in 1863, and if you look in "Who's Who," you will find that his recreation is cited as being "Dog and Duck."—[From the Caricature by Sava.]

in the constituencies, marching in political processions and whooping and clapping at political meetings.

Or is it all fiction? Is Mr. Fergusson just having fun with us? Is there no such place as the folding-room, and are there no such people in the lowest grade of the political game as he draws?

How to Succeed.

I don't know, but there is a terrible fascination about the book. Any young American with political ambitions who reads it closely and follows its advice should rise, according to the author, to a

Continued.]

"I want to take you to call on a friend of mine."

"Who is he?"

"I won't tell you, but I'm almost sure you'll like him."

"How mysterious."

"You'll go, won't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so, if you insist."

"On the way to keep this engagement she was naturally full of curiosity. She wanted to know who the man was, and

opportunity—an opportunity to serve civilisation!"

"How splendid it sounded! How easy it was, after all! Words beget words. He found himself going on easily, fluently, telling them in rich, rolling phrases what they wanted to hear—that they were a bulwark of civilisation against which the wild waves of radicalism should beat in vain, that equal opportunity for all men and freedom of personal initiative should be preserved, that the sacred right of private property must and will be defended! . . .

"He had finished. He had made the speech of the evening. The spontaneous crash of applause told him as much. He stood smiling, high-headed, triumphant. He stood before the great of the earth as one of them, as a leader of them. It came upon him suddenly, as inspiration comes to a prophet, that he was an important man, perhaps even—oh, sweet and daring thought!—a Great Man!"

All very naughty and cynical, but not dull.

"The Square Egg."

Every now and then somebody writes something extremely simple which makes a very wide appeal. The worst of these extremely simple things is that they look so easy. They induce a large number of people to scratch their heads and say, "But I could do that!" And forthwith they sit down to do it, and are bitterly disappointed to find that the result, somehow, is not quite the same.

When Lewis Carroll wrote that extremely simple little story called "Alice in Wonderland," he probably never dreamt that he would have hundreds of followers. Yet hundreds of people must have perished in the firm belief that they could write charming nonsense just as well as Lewis Carroll. I myself knew a man at Oxford who wrote a whole book about talking animals and illustrated it himself. His friends told him it was far better than "Alice in Wonderland." It was a pity, because he was a clever and eccentric fellow who should have produced a line of his own.

I cannot read this biography of "Saki" (H. H. Munro) without much the same sort of feeling. He was clearly obsessed by Lewis Carroll. I remember the time when the *Westminster Gazette* always had a burlesque of "Alice" in it, with caricatures of politicians in the style of Tenniel's illustrations to "Alice." Fancy a combination of "Alice" and politics! It could never give pleasure to the real worshippers of "Alice," and those who were not would be left simply puzzled.

A Happy Life. H. H. Munro, it is clear from the affectionate biography written by his sister, had a happy disposition, and that is infinitely better than any success, literary or otherwise.

"We always dined at some Italian restaurant," she writes, "because I liked the food; but the 'Gourmets' was our favourite. An air of gaiety met us at the door, and an air of gaiety we took in with us. It is haunted ground for me now and I never go there. The Café Royal was another favourite place—generally we wound up there. And one New Year's Eve we had hilarious revels with some friends at Gambrinus, dancing afterwards. Hector had thoughtfully provided himself with one of those toys, new at that time, which imitate a dog growling. I think ours must have been the liveliest table. . . .

"It was on another New Year's Eve that, meeting a party of strangers, he insisted on seizing hands and dancing 'Here we go round the mulberry-bush' in Oxford Circus. He could throw himself into whatever he was doing at the moment as though no other

kind of life existed; this characteristic he certainly inherited from his mother's family, whose vitality and youngness were uncommon."

An intimate biography, very touchingly and charmingly written.

"The Best Short Stories of 1923."

Here we have a whole volume of matters of opinion. Personally, the reviewer did not write or publish any short stories in 1923, so he can go ahead without being accused of rancour.

I have always held the opinion that comparisons are odious, and when comparisons run to superlatives they must be even more odious.

The editors of this volume sit in judgment on English stories. One of them is Mr. E. J. O'Brien—whose name does not appear in my "Who's Who," but is doubtless an Irishman of great distinction—and the other is Mr. John Courson, a name which does not sound essentially English, either.

These two gentlemen have read, I gather, all the short stories published in England and America in the year 1923. The stories that appear to them the "best" are included in this volume; the "not so good" are catalogued at the end of the volume. I hope all the authors will be rendered thereby happy. But I think I could name at least two short stories of 1923, both written by ladies, which are not even mentioned in this volume, and yet were head and shoulders above any story included.

In, of course, my opinion.

Capitol Hill. By Harvey Fergusson. (*The Bodley Head*; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Square Egg. By H. H. Munro. (*The Bodley Head*; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Best Short Stories of 1923. (*Jonathan Cape*; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO MAKES MAYFAIR GO TO HAMMERSMITH: MRS. NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

Mrs. Nigel Playfair is the wife of Mr. Nigel Playfair, one of our most famous and successful producers, and lessee and manager of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and of the Regent. His production of "The Beggar's Opera" had the effect of bringing Mayfair audiences to Hammersmith; and "The Way of the World," at the same theatre, is also being a great success. Mr. Playfair is playing Petulant in the Congreve comedy. His productions at the Regent include "R.U.R." and the "Insect Play."

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

why Ralph was so eager for her to meet him. But he replied, smiling, only that he was sure she would enjoy meeting this friend.

"When he opened the door of his flat and ushered her in, she expressed her astonishment and hung back a little.

"You must know him well," she remarked dubiously, "to go in his front door without knocking."

"Yes," he told her, as he gently pushed her across the threshold and closed the door after him. "He and I trust each other completely."

"It was for him a moment of tremendous suspense. He had no idea how she would react. He never knew what women would do. In love he was a bold experimentalist.

"It's my place, Jane," he told her.

"Alarm he saw in her eyes—and a sudden admiration. He drew her to him, and she did not resist."

A Great Man?

But that was only an incident. He had still to climb the ladder, this sainted altruist. We leave him a candidate for Congress, making a noble speech to the Members of the National Commercial Association.

"Gentlemen, I stand before you this evening to thank you for a magnificent



A FORMER PETER PAN AND WIFE OF A FAMOUS CRICKETER: MRS. NIGEL HAIG—WHO WILL BE REMEMBERED AS MISS UNITY MORE.

Mrs. Nigel Haig will be remembered as the charming actress-dancer and vocalist, Miss Unity More, who played Peter Pan in 1915, and was seen in "Shell Out," "Hankey Pankey," "Bluebell in Fairyland," and other successful productions. Her marriage to Captain Nigel E. Haig, M.C., R.A., took place in 1918, and she then retired from the stage. Captain Nigel Haig is the well-known England and Middlesex cricketer, who played for England v. Australia in 1921. He is a hard-hitting batsman and fast-medium paced bowler.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Accomplished Equestrians.*The Bronco Buster.*

Spending hectic years in breaking the wild steeds of the Plains, the Western cowboy has proved himself a horseman of superb skill and nerve. Riding chiefly by balance, his extraordinary suppleness makes him ever ready for the tricky movements of his unruly mount. Whether dealing with the untamed beast in the corral, or later teaching him to obey rein and spur "on the flat," the cowboy displays all the qualities of the Bronco Buster—now a picturesque but passing generation. And the strongest of him seldom endures the breaking process for more than eight years! The cowboy is, too, a past master with the lasso, and to miss an aim is for him to sit in sackcloth.

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from the 'Manchester Guardian'*

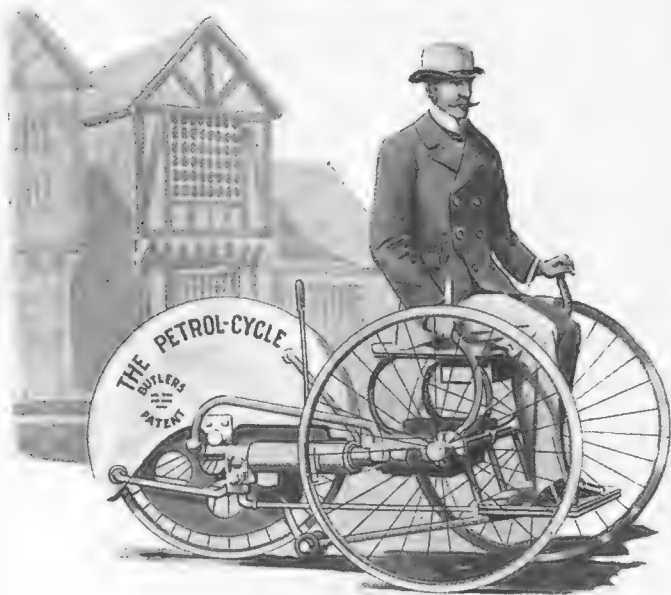
FLEXIBILITY, POWER, PACE, COMFORT, EASE
OF CONTROL—THE LIGHTNESS OF THE
STEERING and the light touch required to change
gears, when necessary, are points that will strike anyone who tries the
wheel—all these things it has, but they are co-ordinated in such a manner
as to make for that light, noiseless running and vibrationless motion
which gives additional pleasure to motoring.

*From the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
8th June, 1923*

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED
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"BP" British Pioneer Series.

On the Road in 1887



This pioneer British motor-tricycle—built by Butler in 1887—was an ingenious and successful invention. But the laws of the time and the general prejudice against motor vehicles prevented its use.

Butler's "Petrolcycle" possessed many interesting features—two cylinders giving a direct drive on each side of the rear wheel, two steering levers "to steady the driver at high speeds" (8 miles an hour!), and a mud-guard which served as a water-tank. For starting purposes the back wheel was raised clear of the ground by means of the lever and roller seen in the illustration.

Starting was one of the many difficulties which beset the early motorist. That was due to the lack of proper motor spirit. He never could be sure of his fuel. The modern motorist can—He can always use "BP."

"BP"—the British Petrol—stands for all those qualities of purity, power, and absolute uniformity which early motorists looked for in vain.

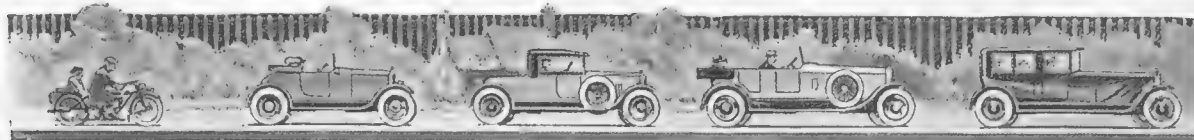
Keep abreast of the times—Be Progressive—by insisting always on "BP."

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BP

The British Petrol



Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Fuel Average Petrol Figures.

I am always listening to the tales my motoring friends recount to me on the amount of petrol their various cars consume on their journeying. Motorists, like fishermen, have an inordinate desire to impress their friends with the wonderful mileage per gallon their motors can travel. So, like the fisherman's catch, the distance gets longer and longer. Consequently, I was



A ROLLS-ROYCE IN CALCUTTA: THE RAJAH OF SANTOSH AT THE WHEEL OF HIS NEW 40-50-H.P. TOURING CAR.

This snapshot of the Rajah of Santosh at the wheel of his new Rolls-Royce was taken in Calcutta.

a bit surprised recently when I received a letter from that well-known expert on carburetters, Mr. T. L. Turner, of the Zenith Carburetter Co., Ltd., informing me that their experience with a large number of cars of the open touring type has enabled them to give an approximate petrol-consumption under usual touring conditions as follows. A 7-h.p. car should do 50 miles to the gallon; a 10-h.p. car should travel 38-40 miles per gallon; a 12-h.p. run 35 miles per gallon; a 15-h.p. car 25-28 miles per gallon; a 20-h.p. car 20-25 miles per gallon; a 30-h.p. car 17-19 miles per gallon; and a 40-h.p. car 15-16 miles per gallon of petrol. Of course, states Mr. Turner, much depends on the individual car, the condition of the engine and transmission, the skill of the driver, and many other things (the last, I fancy, referring to what make of carburetter is fitted); but, on an average, the above figures are what a car should do. Practically speaking, an increase of 15 per cent. in the consumption should be made where a car has to do a fair amount of town work, and about 10 per cent. increase if it has a closed body. Well, I hope all *The Sketch* owners of cars are fortunate in having their motor-carriages run on these average figures. To be strictly truthful, I cannot get much more than 25 miles to the gallon on my 10-h.p. car; but then, it is fairly speedy. Also, it does not possess a Zenith carburetter, although its gas-mixer is a type of Zenith adapted by the maker of the vehicle. At any rate, motorists will be glad to learn what their cars ought to consume in the way of fuel, and perhaps they will endeavour to make their engines live up to these average figures.

Belsize Motors' Present Policy. After a period of anxiety both to shareholders and employees, the Debenture-holders and shareholders in the old Belsize Motor Company have responded so cordially to the reconstruction scheme put

forward with the approval of the Chancery of the County Palatine of Lancaster that this scheme has gone into operation forthwith. The Glasgow Motor Show gave motorists an inkling that the Belsize troubles were over (let us hope for ever), by the appearance of the new models: the 10-20-h.p. four-cylinder and the 14-30-h.p. six-cylinder Belsize, on various stands at that exhibition. Also, evidently the agents of this make of motor-carriage thought well of the new designs, as the trade gave the Belsize factory sufficient orders to keep it fully employed for the next six months, even if they did not get any further ones. Motorists who remember Lieutenant-Colonel G. P. Mills, D.S.O., will have further confidence in the Belsize car, as he is now the works director, and a member of the new board of directors. Also, that "old-timer" Mr. J. H. Adams is a director, and is head of the sales department as well; so no doubt business will begin to hum, as both these gentlemen are popular as well as efficient. As the Belsize Motor Co., Ltd., has been in existence and making motor-cars since 1896, it would have been sad to let the good-will of such an old business disappear, so all concerned are to be congratulated on its preservation, especially as the Belsize

taxicab was the first successful British taxi on our roads, and helped largely to put the imported taxi-cab chassis in the background.

Standard Car Hospital. Ballot.

The result of the ballot organised for the benefit of the provincial hospitals by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry, has now been issued. The prize, consisting of a 14-h.p. five-seated Standard light car, value £375, has been won by Mr. Victor Oliver, The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd., Pwllheli, North Wales, the number of whose ticket was 105,889. One half of the proceeds derived from the sale of the one-shilling tickets will be given to the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital, the other to the hospital in the locality in which the ticket was sold. The entire cost of organising the ballot, including the value of the car forming the prize, has been borne by the Standard Motor Co., Ltd. They also performed a similarly generous act last year in



FITTED WITH A WEYMAN SILENT SALOON: A 14-H.P. ROVER.

The Weymann Silent Saloon, which is both light in weight and rattle-proof, is an extremely attractive type of body. The 14-h.p. Rover shown in our illustration, fitted with a body of this kind, made an easy climb of Newnham Hill, near Daventry, with a full complement of passengers.

the first competition of a like character they organised for the same cause. In that instance it produced something like £500 for the Coventry and Warwickshire Hospital, and a similar amount for the other recipients. This year the winning ticket was sold by the Menai Motor Co., Ltd., Menai Bridge, who are agents for Standard cars in that district. So the hospital in that neighbourhood will become richer by some hundreds of pounds from the Standard Light Car Hospital Ballot.

Small Saloons—Latest Types. London and its environs seem to have set the fashion in small saloon motor-carriages. For any day and at any hour there can be seen, on practically all the chief thoroughfares, this type of motor



COURTESY ON THE ROAD: ONE OF THE VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S SPECIALLY FITTED LORRIES.

The Vacuum Oil Company have set a very good example of attention to the necessity of courtesy on the road by the way in which their heavy lorries are fitted out. They are provided with mirrors to enable the drivers to see at all times when traffic is behind them, and are labelled with the notice seen in our photograph.

vehicle, literally in hundreds. I think it started when Mr. D'Arcy R. Baker produced the 10-15-h.p. Fiat small saloon in 1919. This, however, was only a two-door carriage to start with, but quickly developed in comfort and entrances. Now we have the 10-23-h.p. Talbot saloon, with its £9 tax, fuel-consumption of 30 miles per gallon, and the carriage complete only costing £450. This saloon body has four doors, so that easy access to front and rear seats is available at either side, though, in case a somewhat stout passenger wishes to get to the rear seat, the back of the front seat is made to hinge so as to provide an additional allowance of entrance space. Then there is the Weymann small saloon fitted to Singer, Rover, Wolseley, and other small chassis. This type is so light that beyond the additional wind-resistance of a closed body, these small saloons are as fast and as economical to run as the ordinary touring car. With the extra comfort and protection provided at night-time, and in the wet and cold seasons as well, it is easy to understand why this type of carriage is the popular form of vehicle to-day.



Ladies v. Men at Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Feminine Failure.

One of the gala days of the London season is that on which the annual match takes place at Stoke Poges, Slough, between teams representative of ladies' golf and men's amateur golf. This year, it has the

nineteen, if I remember rightly—but she won by 2 and 1, by means of a brilliant finish, after having waged an uphill fight most of the time. In the same year, and under the same handicap, she beat Tom Ball, then one of the leading professionals of the land, in a match over his home course, West Lancashire. Miss Joyce Wethered has found an allowance of six strokes sufficient to enable her to defeat her brother Roger, Mr. Cyril Tolley, and other first-class amateurs.

A System Found Wanting.

Consequently, it may be argued that there is no need to alter the arrangement. But the fact remains that only one or two of the best lady players prosper under it. To receive a stroke at every other hole may be very useful. The mere existence of the handicap shows, however, that the playing of the alternate holes on level terms is desperately difficult for the ladies. For this reason, they begin to lose ground early in the round; and every golfer knows that a start which is discouraging to the degree of being burdensome is apt to provoke all kinds of rash endeavours and discomfiting results. Often it happens, too, that the holes at which the ladies are allotted their strokes are the very holes at which they do brilliant things, and need an allowance from no man. This, at least, is the contention, and no good can be done by arguing about

allowance of a stroke at certain pre-arranged holes, where the concession may not be wanted. It is usually computed that the better player ought to give, in bisques, slightly more than half the number of strokes that he concedes when he knows in advance exactly where he has to give them. Under the latter system—the ordinary system—he can adapt his play to the requirements of the situation. Under the bisques principle, he never knows quite how he stands. He may halve the hole satisfactorily, and then have it counted as a loss against him because his opponent says: "I'll take a bisque here."

Concerning Thrift.

There is a feeling that six bisques will be of greater help to the ladies than the automatically allotted nine strokes, by keeping them steady at the start, where so often they lose ground in these matches. It has been declared that ladies do not know how to take bisques; that they nurse up their allowance until the match reaches an advanced stage, and finds them a lot of holes down and several bisques in hand, but not sufficient to save the situation. This is a compliment to their thrift, but it is no other kind of compliment. There is only one way to use bisques. It is to use them early so as to win holes which otherwise would have been halved, and thus establish a lead—with all its moral effect on the opposition. Miss Leitch has latterly played several matches on long courses against first-class male amateurs under these terms; she has won two and lost others only on the thirty-fourth and thirty-sixth greens.

A Tit-Bit.

I am told, by the way, that Miss Leitch has recovered her form in a degree that will startle those who thought that her injured right arm would handicap her for ever. She has been in the shadows since she lost the championship to Miss Wethered by the big margin of 9 and 7 at Sandwich two years ago. Now she is up and doing again, and I am informed that her long-deferred "rubber" match with Miss Wethered—almost given up by the public—will take place shortly.



THE LADIES' INTER-COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: THE SURREY TEAM WHO VANQUISHED SUSSEX.

The Surrey Ladies defeated the Sussex team at Addington in the Inter-County Championships. The winning team consisted of Miss J. Wethered (who was given a hard match by Miss Marshall), Miss M. Courlay, Mrs. Lodge, Miss Gladys Bastin, Miss Hunnewell, Miss Read, and Miss E. E. Helme.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

distinction of opening the programme of big events in the Metropolitan district. It is fixed for Saturday, April 5. As a social affair, tinged with the element of a pitched battle between the sexes, it is superb. Regarded solely in the light of a pitched battle, it has one serious flaw. The ladies are always beaten. At least, they have been beaten every time, so far—which means six times in all—and I hear that a proposal is on foot to try a new method of handicapping on the forthcoming occasion, in order to give the feminine champions a chance of stemming the tide of adversity. It is suggested that they should receive bisques; and as showing that the age of gallantry is not dead—as surely it need not be among stalwarts who are blown out with the satisfaction of six consecutive triumphs—I understand that the men are ready to give bisques.

The Traditional Handicap.

Hitherto, the principle has been for each male to concede nine strokes to his feminine rival. This is the accepted formula of handicapping when first-class players of the two sexes come into competition. It has tradition on its side. It was what Mr. Horace Hutchinson used to give the Misses Orr, of North Berwick—a wonderful family of golfing sisters, of whom three reached the semi-final of the ladies' championship at Gullane in 1897—when all these players were in their heyday. It was what Mr. Harold Hilton at his best gave Miss Rhona Adair, the Lady Champion of 1900 and 1903, and I think they halved. He tried to give nine strokes to Miss Cecil Leitch in a 72 holes match over the Walton Heath and Sunningdale courses, and failed. Miss Leitch was very young at the time—

it. Miss Leitch has long contended that a better way would be for the men to give the ladies six bisques instead of nine strokes, and I gather that there is a likelihood of her scheme being adopted in connection with the next representative battle.

Testing a Theory.

It has met with approval so far as to be selected for trial in what is described to me as "a private match," due to take place on the West Hill course, Brookwood, very soon after these lines secure their place in the sun—if there be any sun. Presumably it is not public only in the sense which the Irishman implied when, happening upon a sanguinary fight, he asked: "Is this private, or can anybody join in?" It is primarily a match between the West Hill Club and a team of ladies; but I believe that the men of West Hill are to have some valuable help from other quarters, so that the principle of giving bisques will be put properly to the test.

Help When It is Wanted.

Bisques—it should be stated for the benefit of people who never bother about such things—are strokes that can be taken anywhere and in any quantity up to the limit of their number, instead of players having to accept an



DEFEATED BY THE SURREY LADIES IN THE INTER-COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: THE SUSSEX LADIES' GOLF TEAM.

The Sussex Ladies' Golf Team, who were defeated by the Surrey Ladies at Addington, consisted of Miss Marshall, Mrs. de Winton, Miss Archer (who defeated Mrs. Lodge, thus scoring the only win for her side), Miss Bradley, Miss W. Sarson, Miss Heming Johnson, and Mrs. Davies.

Photograph by Bassano.



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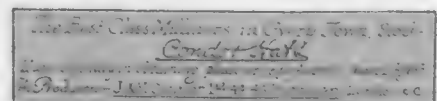
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The Wind is Busy with his Work To-Day!



The schoolgirl goes gaily to and from school wrapped in this attractive Bedales Mantelet. Sponsored by Aquascutum, of 126, Regent Street, W., it is built of this firm's well-known Badminton Cloth, and is lined throughout with fleecy woollen material in soft checks.



Scarlet georgette and black satin, skilfully united through the medium of gold and white embroidery, have been chosen to make this attractive tea-frock, designed and carried out by Ninette, 79, Shaftesbury Avenue, S.W.

The Cult of Contrasting Colours.

Mannequin parades at the great dress houses continue to be the order of the day in Paris. The theme is everywhere the same—a straight, slender silhouette, cut on amazingly simple lines; but each of the famous designers invests it with his own personality by introducing here and there subtle and unexpected variations. It was the effective use of sharply contrasting colours which excited universal admiration in the wonderful collection of models shown at Poiret's. One evening dress had the skirt of dull-orange crêpe strikingly relieved by handkerchief drapery of black velvet on the left hip. The cuirass bodice was of soft brocade, and from the shoulders hung a long train of black velvet lined with orange. Another frock of gleaming white satin with an overskirt of black moiré flaunted a corsage of gold lace and long, tight-fitting sleeves springing from the waist-line. Again, a frock of white moiré, introducing a tablier of white georgette in the front, was completed by a hem edged with vivid green grebe and embroidered with pink flowers. An original use of panelling was introduced in a simple frock of printed and plain crêpe-de-Chine. One side of the corsage boasted a narrow pleated panel, and the other a plain one, while on the skirt the positions were reversed. With this was worn a three-quarter coat of white Kasha cloth, completed with mother-of-pearl buttons designed in the shape of oyster-shells.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By
MABEL HOWARD.

The Directoire Dress of 1924. The Directoire dress à la moderne is one of the notable features chez Martial Armand. It is the same straight frock with clinging draperies, but with one great difference. The original had the highest of high waists, while the 1924 creation has not the faintest suspicion of a waist-line; it relies entirely on its perfect cut to achieve (and incidentally to excel) the graceful lines of the Directoire flare. The skirt of one of these *chefs-d'œuvre* was hemmed with masses of lovely flowers, their weight causing the frock to swing gracefully with every movement of the wearer. Of quite a different genre was another evening gown of apple-green taffeta, completed at the back by a large bustle bow. The top part of the dress was detachable, and underneath lay concealed a slender frock of silver lace, still worn with the quaint bustle bow of apple-green.

Striking Notes in Spring Fashions.

But Paris is not the only place where one sees delightfully original frocks and coats. It was at Ninette's, 79, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., that I discovered the scarlet-and-black tea-frock on the left, slightly reminiscent of a Russian peasant's costume. A flounce and chemise top of black satin embroidered in gold and white stand out in bold relief against the background of scarlet georgette, and the low waist-line is defined by a narrow belt and bands of black on the hips. I was surprised to find that the price of this attractive model is only 6½ guineas; and 10½ guineas is the amount required to secure the graceful



Tapestry embroidery with insertions of black rep enhance this original coat, built of the latter material. Sketched at Ninette's.



No one can deny the attraction of the beret turban when it is designed by Edelle, of 30, New Bond Street, W., who is responsible for the trio pictured here. Multi-coloured petals of suède make the one on the left, and cinnamon ribbon worked in an effective design, the "calotte" on the right. Flat flowers of shot ribbon decorate the captivating affair in the centre, fashioned of the new silk alpaca.

coat of black rep sketched on the right. Deep bands of tapestry coloured embroidery à jour border it, through which bands of rep are inserted. Another afternoon frock was of black charmeuse, hanging perfectly straight to the knee and then developing into a flounce of satin. The front was embroidered all over in gold, and the back offered a complete contrast with narrow side panels of embroidery as the sole form of decoration. Another novel feature at Ninette's are costumes made of shawls in shaded check designs, the wide fringes bordering the coat and wrap-over skirt. They can be obtained from 7½ guineas; and tailor-made costumes in rep are from 5½ guineas.

Berets in Novel Designs. With frocks and coats under discussion, the conversation naturally turns to millinery, and I know everyone will agree that Edelle, of 30, New Bond Street, W., is a past-master in the art of creating fascinating berets and close-fitting hats to complete spring toilettes. It is to her that credit must be placed for the delightful trio pictured on this page. The fashionable "calotte" shape in the centre is expressed in the new alpaca, with flat flowers of shot ribbon decorating the brim. Cinnamon gros grain ribbon worked with an intriguing design makes the second "calotte," on the right; and the beret is composed of tiny suède petals in many artistic colourings. Edelle is also responsible for the creation of an irresistible bridge coatee fashioned entirely of loops of scarlet ribbon or chenille, and lined throughout with black silk.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Charm of Celes. To my mind, not the least of the many virtues enjoyed by the famous Celes silk, which has such a well-deserved reputation, is the fact that it is entirely of British manufacture. In addition to this strong claim, its smooth, silken surface and really splendid washing and wearing qualities render it absolutely invaluable for blouses, summer frocks, and children's clothing. The new shirt jumpers, two of which are pictured on this page, look particularly attractive carried out in this material—which, by the way, is now available in many beautiful plain colours, as well as in the numberless varieties of artistic striped designs. Celes shirts and frocks can be



White and soft vieux-rose are the pretty shades of this well-tailored Celes shirt-jumper.

obtained everywhere; but should any difficulty be experienced, application should be made direct to Douglas Dickson and Co., 73, Robertson Street, Glasgow, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

Real Shetland Woollies. The peculiar softness and lightness of real Shetland wool has an unfailing appeal to everyone, and it is indeed good news that from the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Portman Square, W., we can obtain real Shetland woollies of every description at prices equally varied. The cosy child's frock pictured on this page, carried out in the natural colour with an effective dark border, can be secured for 25s., and the dress on the left for 60s., boasting a pleated skirt and well-fitting jumper top. Useful jumpers of the same calibre, with gay Fair Isle borders, can be obtained for 30s.; and from 15s. in children's sizes. Then there are fascinating babies' crawlers in the pure Shetland, for 12s. 6d. each; and warm baby-carriage covers, sleeping-bags—in fact, everything designed for warmth and comfort—at exceptionally moderate prices. For sports wear one can purchase useful cardigans for 42s.; or for 85s. with an all-over Fair Isle design, faced with crêpe-de-Chine. A catalogue giving full particulars will be sent free on application to the above address.

New Sports Hats Must be Gaily Coloured. Lovely colourings are the distinctive feature of the new sports hats; and for the convenience

of all who are unable to pay a personal visit to Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W., where there is a wide choice, this firm have issued a brochure containing beautifully coloured illustrations of their models, faithfully reproducing the exquisite shades available. The Marie, for instance, a simple hat in felt, with a picot straw pliable brim, can be obtained for £3 15s., in cedar, rouge givrée, and other shades, completed by a mother-o'-pearl shield. The Doreen, of mixed wool and Yedda straw, is a comfortable affair, which can be adapted to any shape. Ivory and daffodil, jade and grey, tan and flame, are a few of the fascinating nuances in which it is made, and £2 17s. 6d. is the cost. The modest sum of 27s. 6d. is demanded for the new hair plait hat, which is finished with silk ribbon and a tiny sports wing, to tone with the blend of flame and nigger, or turquoise and grey, in which the hat is made. The shapes are varied; but each one bears the stamp of that becoming simplicity which is essential to an attractive sports outfit, and is equally suited to morning wear in town.

Playpens and Nursery Patents.

Everything destined for the comfort of his Majesty the Baby must naturally be chosen with the greatest care and forethought. Consequently, an illustrated booklet giving details of every latest improvement in baby carriages, chairs, cots, etc., proves to be an invaluable help; and all readers of this



Immune from chilly breezes are these two neat personages clad in pretty frocks of real Shetland wool, brightened by gay borders. These are obtainable from the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Portman Square, W.



This attractive Celes shirt is carried out in a striped design introducing white, daffodil-yellow, and black colourings.

cloth and serving the purposes of a bath-tub or sleeping-cot. It is fitted with rubber-cased feet to prevent it slipping, and is equipped with receptacles for everything appertaining to the baby's toilet. Notwithstanding all these advantages, it may be secured for the modest sum of 50s.

A Silk Jumper for 7s. The well-known firm of Hawes Brothers have designed an attractive blouse-jumper which can be easily made from any of their knitting wools or artificial silks, and in the favourite ivory Spunsill. A sufficient supply costs only 6s. or 7s., in any colour. A full selection of patterns will be promptly despatched to any reader who sends a 2d. stamp; and the illustrated sheet of knitting instructions will, when desired, accompany it.

Spring Cleaning the Complexion.

Spring sunshine and new toilettes ruthlessly show up any defects in the complexion, unless careful attention is given to the all-important subject. The constant changes of temperature in our versatile climate are serious enemies, calculated to undermine the most perfect complexion, and the skin must be in a thoroughly healthy condition to combat them. To achieve this enviable state, the regular use of Pomeroy's Skin Food is an infallible prescription. Lightly massaged into the skin each night, it strengthens and beautifies the complexion, leaving it fresh and clear. In the daytime, Pomeroy's Day Cream (which is quite invisible on the face) will serve as a protection from March winds and April showers. Obtainable from all chemists and stores, Pomeroy Skin Food can be secured at 2s. 3d., 4s. 9d., or 6s. 6d. a jar; and the Day Cream in 2s. 6d. or 5s. vases. Should any difficulty be experienced, however, application should be made to the Pomeroy Salons at 29, Old Bond Street, W. By the way, Pomeroy Safada, 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. a bottle, is an excellent preparation for keeping the hands soft and white.

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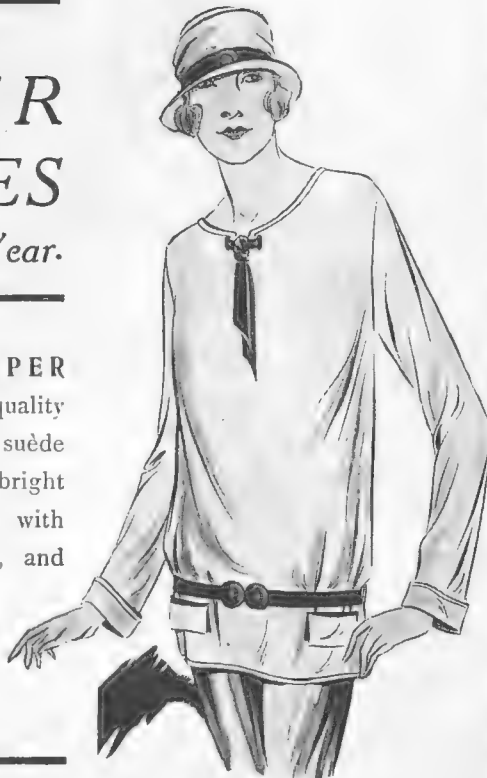
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BLOUSE in good quality
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belt and ribbon tie of bright
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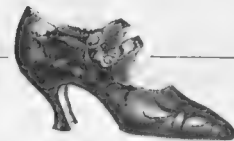


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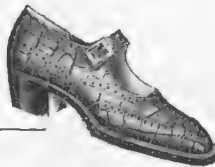
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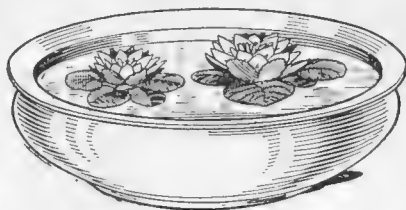
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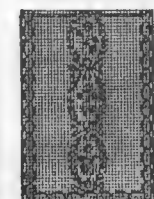
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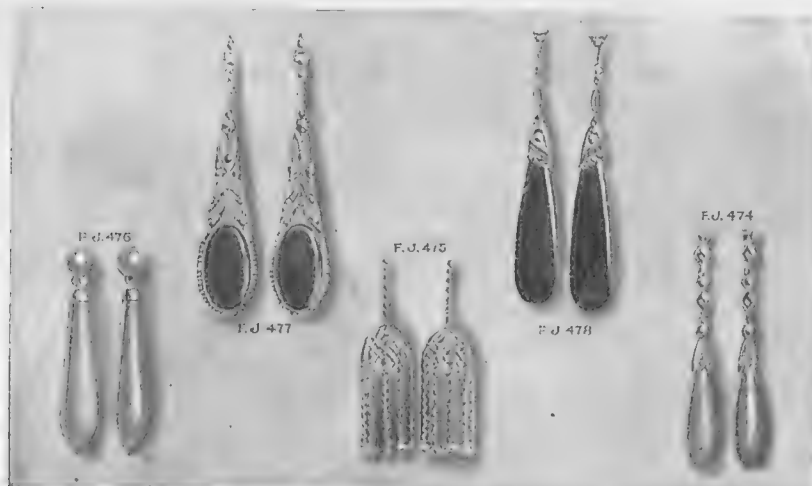
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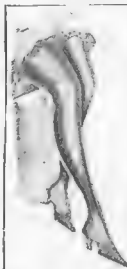
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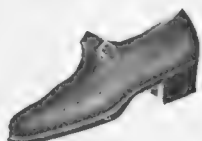
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D317. A medium quality of Linen Double Damask Table Cloths, design, Olive or Roman Scroll, each:

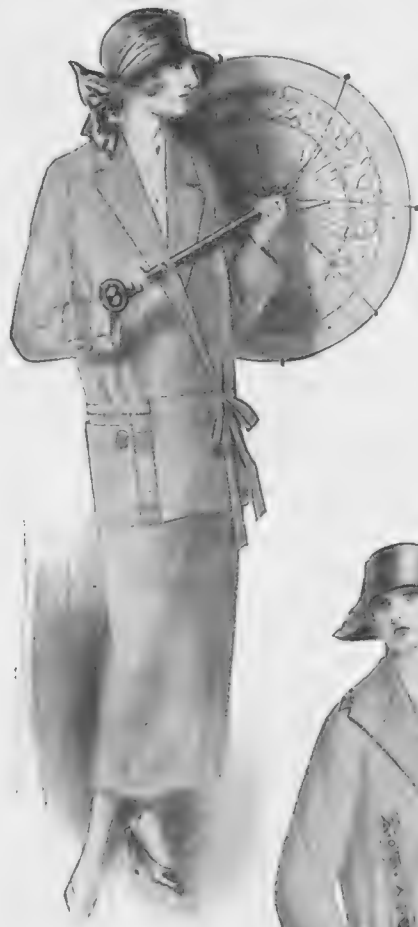
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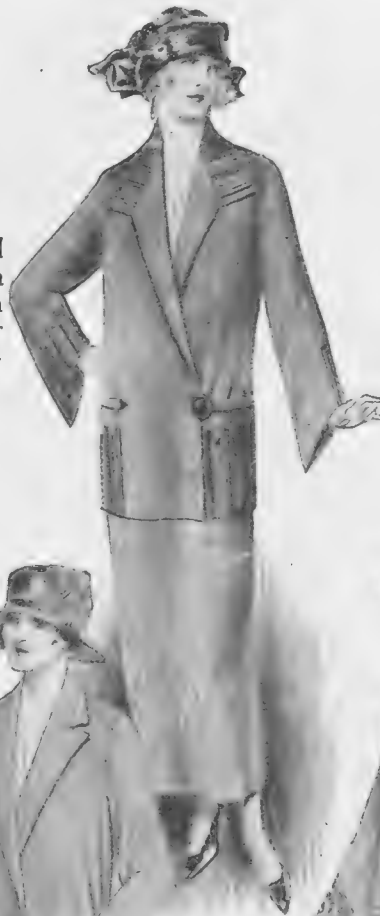


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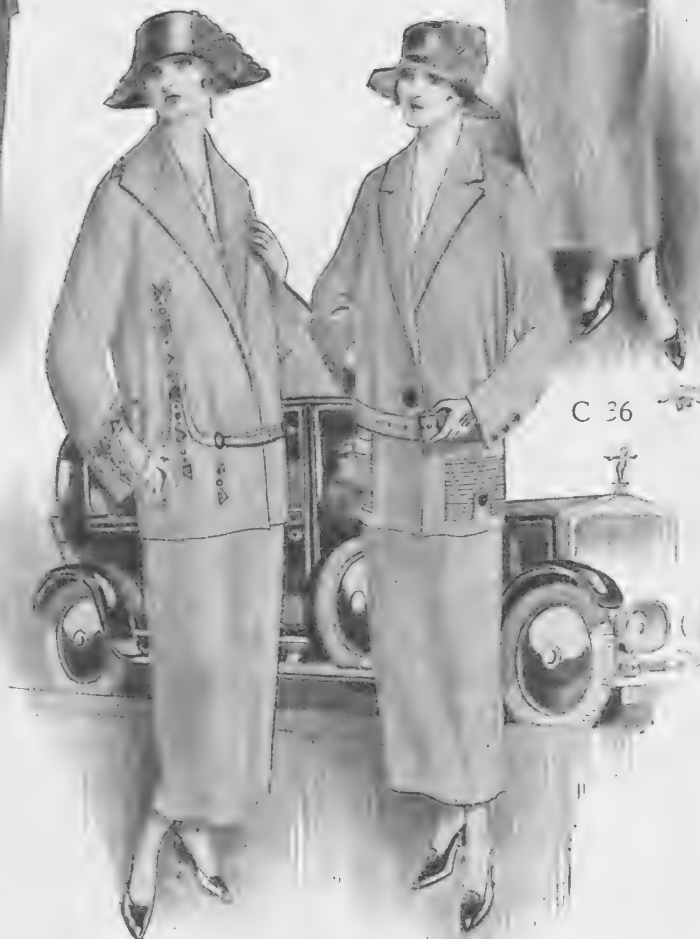
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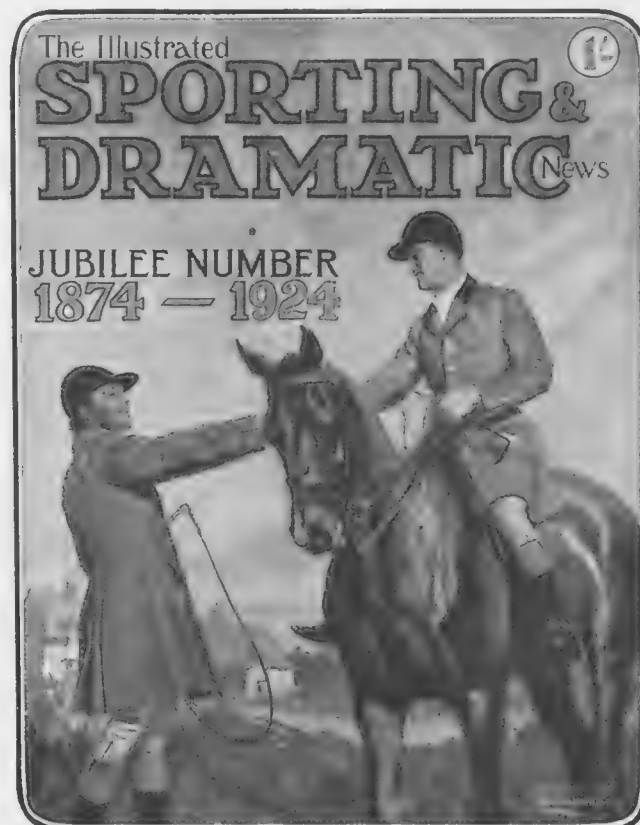
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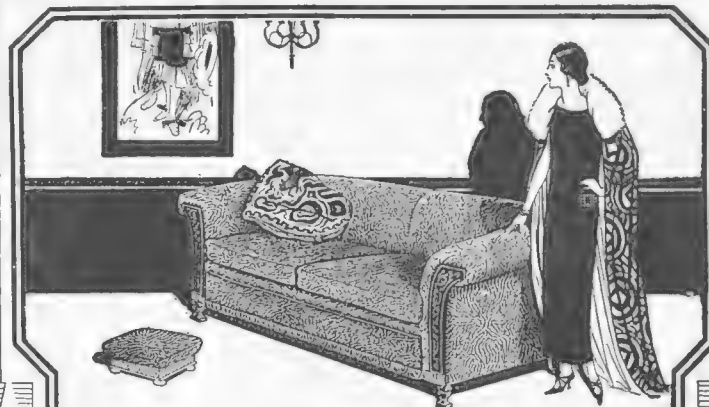
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the charming and well-known Actress, writes:
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 Yours truly,
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 Clerkenwell, LONDON
 Perfumers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V.



"MAKE BEAUTY A DUTY"

THE ADVENTURE OF THE PEROXIDE BLONDE.

(Continued from page 409.)

so, they will soon know with whom we were lunching to-day. And it is possible that Number Four will scent danger."

About twenty minutes later the telephone bell rang. I answered it. A curt voice spoke into the 'phone.

"Is that Mr. Poirot? St. James's Hospital speaking. A young woman was brought in ten minutes ago. Street accident. Miss Flossie Monro. She is asking very urgently for Mr. Poirot. But he must come at once. She can't possibly last long."

I repeated the words to Poirot. His face went white.

"Quick, Hastings. We must go like the wind."

A taxi took us to the hospital in less than ten minutes. We asked for Miss Monro, and were taken immediately to the accident ward. A white-capped sister met us in the doorway. Poirot read the news in her face.

"It is over, eh?"

"She died six minutes ago."

Poirot stood as though stunned.

The nurse, mistaking his emotion, began speaking gently.

"She did not suffer, and she was unconscious towards the last. She was run over by a motor, you know—and the driver of the car did not even stop. Wicked, isn't it? I hope someone took the number."

"The stars fight against us," said Poirot in a low voice.

"You would like to see her?"

The nurse led the way, and we followed.

Poor Flossie Monro, with her rouge and her dyed hair. She lay there very peacefully with a little smile on her lips.

"Yes," murmured Poirot. "The stars fight against us. . . but is it the stars?" He lifted his head as though struck by a sudden idea. "Is it the stars, Hastings? If it

is not—if it is not—oh, I swear to you, my friend, standing here by this poor woman's body, that I will have no mercy when the time comes!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

But Poirot had turned to the nurse, and was eagerly demanding information. A list of the articles found in her handbag was finally obtained. Poirot gave a suppressed cry as he read it over.

"You see, Hastings, you see?"

"See what?"

"There is no mention of a latch-key. But she must have had a latch-key with her. No, she was run down in cold blood, and the first person who bent over her took the key from her bag. But we may yet be in time. He may not have been able to find at once what he sought."

Another taxi took us to the address Flossie Monro had given us—a squalid block of mansions in an unsavoury neighbourhood. It was some time before we could gain admission to Miss Monro's flat, but we had at least the satisfaction of knowing that no one could leave it whilst we were on guard outside. Eventually we got in. It was plain that someone had been before us. The contents of drawers and cupboards were strewn all over the floor. Locks had been forced, and small tables had even been overthrown, so violent had been the searcher's haste.

Poirot began to hunt through the debris. Suddenly he stood erect with a cry, holding out something. It was an old-fashioned photograph frame—empty.

He turned it slowly over. Affixed to the back was a small round label—a price label.

"It cost four shillings," I commented.

"*Mon Dieu*, Hastings! Use your eyes. That is a new, clean label. It was stuck there by the man who took out the photograph, the man who was here before us—but knew that we should come, and so left this for us—Claude Darell—*alias* Number Four!"

THE END.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

"THE BAD MAN."

(A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE; RELEASED FEB. 18.)

THE Bad Man with a heart of gold, with one hand ready to kill and the other to help, has always been an irresistible hero of romance. When, in addition to his skill with the knife or the gun, he possesses a pretty sense of humour, as does the Bad Man of Porter Emerson Browne's well-known play, then his success is assured. It is said that Mr. Emerson Browne based his hero's character on that of the Mexican bandit, Pancho Villa; this gentleman is described as a sort of Mexican Robin Hood. There is certainly something of the gaiety, the prankishness of our woodland Robin about this brave and boastful Lopez, with his swagger and his sentiment, as he was introduced to us by Matheson Lang in the stage play, and as we now see him, in Mr. Edwin Carewe's capital screen version, played by Holbrook Blum.

"SALLY BISHOP."

(A STOLL PICTURE; RELEASED FEB. 25.)

E. Temple Thurston's fine book, "Sally Bishop," contains an unforgettable portrait of a girl—one of the legion of London's workers—who bestowed the great gift of her love on a selfish and ambitious man. To say that the Sally of the book lives again on the screen is the greatest compliment one can pay Mr. Maurice Elvey, the producer, and Miss Marie Doro, who sustains the title-role. She is infinitely touching in her wistful tenderness, and unconsciously dramatic—indeed as Sally was—in her single-minded crusade on behalf of the wronged. An equally fine impersonation is that of Mr. Henry Ainley as John Traill, strong, incisive, combining the adamant will that placed career and reputation before everything, and the charm that won and held poor Sally's heart.

MICHAEL ORME.

LAST TWELVE DAYS!

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL ARTISTS

The SKETCH Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design

LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours—namely, blue and red. These two colours can be light or dark, strong or weak, at the discretion of the artist. It may be noted that black can be used, this being obtained in the reproduction by the printing of the blue over the red; as in the design on the cover of this issue of THE SKETCH. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2—by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of THE SKETCH.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.

"What Every Woman Knows"—About Beauty!

—that it is the key to Success, Happiness and Love.

What every woman does *not* know is the alarming extent to which she jeopardises beauty when she uses unsuitable or inferior toilet aids, and by incorrect treatment.

Every face possesses its own individual characteristics—features, contour, skin texture, colouring, etc., and every face needs individual study and treatment to correct defects, enhance attractiveness and accentuate each good point. And in the world there is one expert, Madame Helena Rubinstein, who has made it her life-work to awaken and perfect the dormant beauty and individuality of every face. Each of Madame Rubinstein's Valaze preparations and treatments serves a particular beauty purpose and is unfailing, inimitable.

Advice to solve every beauty problem is given personally, or through the post, without charge—also instructive Beauty Brochure.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN FOOD stimulates, nourishes, and removes freckles, tan, and discoloration of all kinds, preventing and correcting sallowness and other undesirable conditions. Prices 5/-, 9/6, 18/6

VALAZE BALM ROSE prevents all skin discoloration by wind and sun, and forms a highly becoming foundation for finishing touches. Prices 3/6, 6/6

VALAZE LIP LUSTRE prevents cracks, makes the lips soft and so attractive in colour. Prices 2/6, 3/6, 4/6

VALAZE WHITENER instantly bestows a gleaming, snowy whiteness to the hands, arms, shoulders and throat, until deliberately removed with soap and water or cleansing cream. Price 3/6

NOVENA CERATE, applied freely as a cleansing cream, to rid the pores of impurities and to soften, nourish and beautify the skin. Prices 2/6, 5/-

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THE BEST RUBBERLESS RAINCOATS

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXVII.

THAT NEW SCORING AGAIN.

IT may be remembered that some little time ago I propounded in these notes a new method of scoring at auction, which, in effect, was to make the game a combination of the old original bridge and the present auction game. The general idea was that declarer, in addition to paying the penalty above on failure to fulfil his contract, also lost to opponent the trick-value in his (opponent's) below-the-line score; the declarer actually could lose the game on his own play of the hand. I was enthusiastic about this idea, and asked readers if they could supply me with any information about this scoring, more particularly in the shape of practical experience.

I must confess the result was more than disappointing; for, beyond a reply or two to the effect that writer had heard of, or seen, some such game, nothing really hopeful came to hand. Now, however, I hear from Huddersfield of practically the same method of scoring being in play daily at a bridge club there. Here is what I am told:

"... And it was felt advisable that some check should be put on players who bid recklessly in order either (1) to play the hand themselves, or (2) to prevent opponents getting game or rubber to which they were entitled.

"The method is very simple and easily understood. In case of failure of contract, the opponents score (in addition to the usual penalty above the line) 10 per cent. of such penalty below the line! In practice it is found to work out very well, and a reckless bidder soon finds the game is not worth the candle; as a double on which he is three tricks down will give his opponents 30 points below the line and game. Again, take the case where AB are 20 points up in the third game; YZ nil. Under these circumstances many players in the position of YZ would bid far above their hands in the hope that, although they might be well

down, they might recoup their losses later, and perhaps win the rubber. . . . There is no doubt that the method leads to a greater number of hands being just bid to the limit, and the declarer finding himself with a sporting chance of making his contract by skilful play, instead of having to face a hopeless proposition and to struggle to avoid being more than two or three down.

"I shall be obliged if you will let me know if you have had any other replies to your inquiry; and, if so, what the general feeling on the subject is."

Now, this strikes me as being on the right road. The penalty for going down on any suit or no-trumps is constant: it therefore seems but right and fair that the below-the-line penalty scored by opponent should be constant too. This allows a player some scope for dash and daring on the bid—he himself can score the enhanced value of the suit bid when successful, but on failure his loss always remains the same—i.e., 10 per cent. of what he loses above. That seems sound, and I shall be glad to hear more from "G. L. S.," of Huddersfield, about this game.

My opening words will answer his last question. There appears to be no general feeling—at any rate, among *Sketch* readers—on this subject, which, I fear, only goes to prove that so great is the ingrained gambling spirit at auction that no suggestion to ease this said gambling spirit is likely to meet with success at present. It will come in time, though, and then we shall have a very high-class partnership game of cards called auction bridge, or something like it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. J. WALKER.—Thanks for letter re minor-suit calls. I will deal with it next week.

F. J. COOKE.—Sorry your first attempt should not be successful. According to you, at trick five, B leads his small heart. Then, you see, Y will win with the 10.

GODFATHER.—You are nearly right. See above.

SOLUTION TO BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 13.

(Submitted by Onix, Calcutta.)

SPADES—8.

HEARTS—Q, 7.

CLUBS—6.

DIAMONDS—K, 7, 2.

SPADES—5, 4.

HEARTS—10, 6.

CLUBS—3.

DIAMONDS—9, 5.

B SPADES—7

HEARTS—5, 4.

CLUBS—7.

DIAMONDS—6, 4, 3.

SPADES—6, 3.

HEARTS—9, 8, 3.

CLUBS—5.

DIAMONDS—8.

A to lead and make all seven tricks.

I received so few correct replies to this problem that I held over the solution so as to give readers a further chance of working it out for themselves. The problem, however, seems to have defeated the great majority of our double-dummy solvers.

A leads 8 of diamonds. If Z covers, B wins, and goes on with the 7; on which A discards his club. Then B plays his club, which A trumps. A now leads 9 of hearts; if Y covers, B takes with the queen and returns the 7, holding the trick, and leads the deuce of diamonds, which A trumps with the 6; B, of course, winning the last trick with his 8 of trumps.

If Y does not cover the 9 of hearts, A holds the trick, and leads another to B's queen. The latter plays his deuce of diamonds for A to ruff as before, and the result is the same. If at trick one, Z does not cover the diamond led, A wins the trick and leads his small heart. If Y plays the 10, B wins, leads his knave of diamonds, then his trump, and puts A back in hearts to take out Y's trump and make his last heart. If Y plays small to A's heart lead, B wins with the 7 and plays the double ruffing game as in the first case. The crux of the problem is that if Y refuses to cover A's lead, then AB must make three tricks in trumps, and the lead of a diamond at trick one is the only lead to solve.

Correct solution received from J. Vernon Wall, Wayside, and A. T. de Saumarez.

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Marionettes

A JUSTIFIABLE PUFF.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I HATE the hypocrite. I pour contempt upon the liar. I detest the sycophant. I loathe the snob. Added to which I lacerate the vulgarian with his own weapons. This is no cultured literary essay, decorated with polished cynicisms. It is a mere blatant statement of fact, bludgeoned out with no emotion.

The tailoring business of Pope and Bradley is unique; of the first-class it is easily the greatest and most successful in Britain.

Because the business is perfectly organised, the prices charged for its productions are guineas cheaper than those of other tailoring houses of a like standard—if, indeed, there is any other of as high a standard. The House of Pope and Bradley does not care one iota whether other tailors charge more or less; it works on the highest quality and on a fixed margin of profit.

Middle-class snobs imagine that by paying more they must be getting something better. And trading liars and sycophants encourage this belief.

Matters are infinitely worse in the women's trade. It is possible to be charged fifty guineas for a certain Paris model in one shop, and purchase identically the same in another for thirty guineas.

The success of the House of Pope and Bradley is very simply explained. The clothes are made from the finest materials in the world. All the cutters engaged are masters of their difficult craft, and, incidentally, are paid far higher salaries than any other firm could afford to pay. And the styles of the garments are designed by an artist who leads but never follows.

All the subtleties of fashion introduced by Pope and Bradley have been copied and adapted by Savile Row and Fifth Avenue for the last decade.

The net profits of the firm are under ten per cent. on its productions. If Savile Row profits were charged the controlling director would be making an added £50,000 a year, and if Fifth Avenue prices were charged he would be making an added £250,000 a year. But even so he could not eat, drink, sleep, live or love any more than he does.

This advertisement is so very true that it is aggressively vulgar. Fool critics will agree. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

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THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

High-Browed Bohemianism.

In spite of the growing internationalism of Paris life, there is still a characteristically Bohemian side to it. Of course, you must not look in the obvious places, and, naturally, you cannot get into the best things by merely paying for them. You would have had to belong to the inner circle of the advanced Cubist set, for example, to be invited to the party that was given the other night in the historic mansion of the Rochefoucauld family, in the Rue Visconti, where Mlle. Suzanne Bertillon now has her studio. The walls were decorated with kaleidoscopic designs in violent colours, and against this background leant young painters in dinner jackets—for your modern Bohemian must be nicely dressed if he wants to be a success—and their female companions with shingled hair. There was an entertainment of Japanese dances, given by a young man with hardly any clothes, to the accompaniment of a compatriot who chanted dismally. Somebody else read some passages from his new book. The same kind of advanced public can be found any night in the tiny little theatre in the Rue Lepic, called the Studio d'Art et Action, where they have just been giving some performances of a translation of Yeats's play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," followed by another dramatic effort, in which all the characters spoke with their faces pushed through holes in a curtain.

If this sort of Bohemianism was a bit too high-brow for you, and you had money to spend and a taste for spectacular orgies, you might have found what you wanted by going down to the Riviera. At Nice there has just been a wonderful reconstitution of an ancient Roman banquet, organised by the architect Tissier, with an elaborate

classical ballet and a real panther—the very animal which afterwards caused such consternation by escaping on to the railway line near Avignon, with a lion as fellow-truant. There were Russian, German, and Italian Princesses as counter-attractions to the panther, and the entertainment had that indispensable element of success in France: it was inconveniently crowded, with twice as many people as it could hold packed into the little circus.

The "Development" of Cannes and Nice.

All this activity of display on the Riviera is no doubt due to the fact that Cornuché, having entirely organised Deauville, is now busy developing Cannes, and Nice has therefore had to look lively to keep up its reputation. I hear that later on Cornuché intends to develop St. Juan les Pins also, so that the whole coast, from the Italian frontier to Marseilles, will eventually become a vast Casino. For the present, the painter Domergue is busy arranging the artistic side of the Cannes delights, while Cornuché watches the Duke of Westminster winning money at baccarat from Grand Dukes who are so ruined that they can only afford to drink five bottles of champagne a night.

Gaiety for the Parisians.

Of course, you need not go as far as the Riviera at all. You can find all the fun you want in Paris, gambling included, although I am told that the clubs where they play are very worried over the inquisitive way in which the *fisc*—which means the tax-collector—is applying the new law for taking a percentage of their receipts. However, perhaps they are not being so badly hit after all, for Maurice de Rothschild, who framed the law, declares

that they have already found a way of virtually evading it. Then there are other ways of amusing yourself. The large public balls, with champagne suppers, are evidently a success, for they follow thick and fast upon one another. On the first of March you are invited to dance at Claridge's for the benefit of that very respectable matrimonial agency, the Club des Liserés Verts, whose members wear a green ribbon to indicate that they are prepared to enter matrimony. Three nights later, on Shrove Tuesday, the famous masked balls at the Opéra are to be revived, in the costume of the Second Empire; and, when you read these lines, the first great children's charity ball will have been held, on Sunday afternoon, in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées.

The Real Dangers of Paris.

The dangers to life in Paris are quite different from what you think they are. Very few Englishwomen would dare to walk in the less frequented streets after dark, unless accompanied by a male friend with a revolver. And yet an attack by Apaches with knives in their hands and large peaked caps drawn over their eyes is one of the most improbable things in the world. Those Apaches exist only in cinema films and Chelsea Arts Club Balls. On the other hand, no Englishwoman would think anything of going into a fashionable hairdresser's for a shampoo and having her hair dried by petrol vapour, though she runs a very fair chance of being burnt to death in doing so. However, that particular foolhardiness will probably not be open to her in future, for the Prefect of Police is about to issue an order which will definitely forbid the use of this method of artificial drying. But there will still remain other dangers in Paris much more serious than the Apache. BOULEVARDIER.

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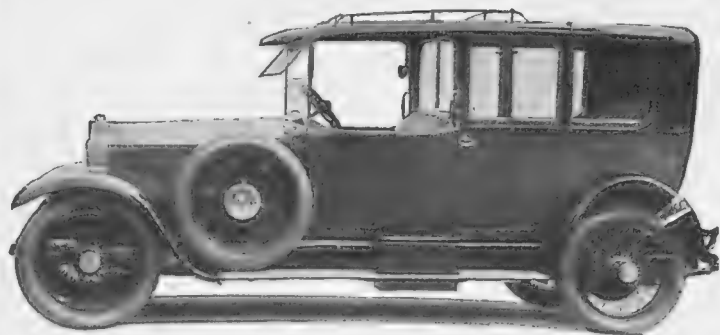
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THE Hudson Sedan, with its
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A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

A Postponed Wedding. More consternations and calamities! Frightfully bad luck, wasn't it, Miss Rosamund McCorquodale getting smashed up two days before the date fixed for the wedding, when Whaddon Chase-ing? She not only broke her collar-bone and sprung several ribs, but was crushed, and her fiancé and family were in considerable anxiety for a few days; but all danger is now, happily, past. Of course, many messages of inquiry and sympathy were sent from "Beaufortshire" to our Mr. Gibbs; and the Prince of Wales—whom it doesn't take a fellow-feeling to make wondrous kind, as he always is—sent to ask for the injured young lady directly he heard of the accident.

A Day Snatched from the Frost. The east wind asserted itself more and more fiendishly day by day last week, till, not content with spoiling scent and shivering our timbers, it finished up spitefully in black frost, which put the shutters up for a day or two. Sport was practically nil, with a scentless Tuesday, a Lower-Woods-and-hill day Wednesday, and a stoppage then till Saturday, which came much better late than never, as it contributed a rattling afternoon's sport. The telephone to Badminton was hopelessly blocked from every exchange in the country, and, after agonising delays, false rumours, or stony silences, the optimists went to the meet, where they waited till one o'clock, when hounds arrived; but somehow the story had got about that Lower Woods was the changed venue, and it is said that some unfortunates had sent their horses thither! Two good gallops at racing pace warmed everyone up: the morning one from Birdsmarsh to Draycot, the afternoon frolic in

a big ring round Easton Spinneys, Sevington and Kington. The following grew in mushroom fashion as the afternoon advanced, the later comers dropping in with a casual air, carefully muftied lest hounds were not out, in which case they would have declared hacking their sole intention, with our insular dislike to being publicly fooled by circumstance! Just now, "long tails" are much in evidence—early on—though some of them soon disappear. The ducal car has been besieged with candidates for certificates, and his Grace has been kept quite busy signing away. We hear the keener ones in the queue advance with fountains ready for action!

"Blue" Jubilees.

It was appropriate, though accidental, that the meet at Swallett's Gate had to be cancelled on the day of Mr. Edmund Clutterbuck's funeral, at Hardenhuish, as he was such an old member of the Hunt, having received his blue coat some fifty-four years ago, in days when its bestowal was a much rarer and greater honour than it has since become. Even so, there is quite a strong contingent of the "Old Blues" who can claim greater seniority as such than this record affords. Sir Audley Neeld, who, we believe, is now the "Father" of the Beaufort Hunt, must have been blue-coated soon after he was short-coated—in 1859—and his two brothers only yield him a year each respectively; while Sir Gerald Codrington runs him close. Others who have been on the Members' List for nearly sixty years include Lord Roundway, Sir Prior Goldney and his brother; Captain John Spicer and Captain Julian; while Lord Lansdowne, Lord Long, Major Arthur Cotes, Mr. Thomas Kingscote, Mr. W. A. Harford, Colonel Archie Miles, and Major Cosmo Little have all celebrated their jubilees in this respect.

Not a bad advertisement for fox-hunting as a source of longevity!

A "Sell"—Perhaps as Well.

On the Monday—another "catchy" morning—hounds, staff, and the whole party from Badminton took train to Wootton Bassett, and arrived at Bushton for another one o'clocker. Sundry others turned up, but on this occasion hope told a flattering tale, for it was still terribly hard in that locality, and after some waiting and inspecting, it was wisely decided not to hunt, so hounds were taken all the way home by road, whilst the rest of the "meet" broke up sadly, though more intact than they might otherwise have been! "After all, it is better to lose a day's fox-hunting than to break your neck," reflected the philosophers.

"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench for 1924" is an historic work, as it is the first "Debrett" record of a Labour Government in this country. The book is one of the most useful volumes of reference, as it contains not only a list of the Members of Parliament elected in the recent General Election, with short biographical notices, but a section devoted to Explanations of Technical Parliamentary Expressions, a record of General Elections since 1837, a full list of the Judges of County Courts of England, Wales and Ireland; and full information in regard to the Ministry, Senate, and Parliament of Northern Ireland, and of the Irish Free State. The volume also boasts an abridged Peerage, and information on many important matters. A novel and attractive feature of the latest issue is the publication of portraits of the King and Queen, and of their sons, daughter, son- and daughter-in-law, at the beginning of the book.

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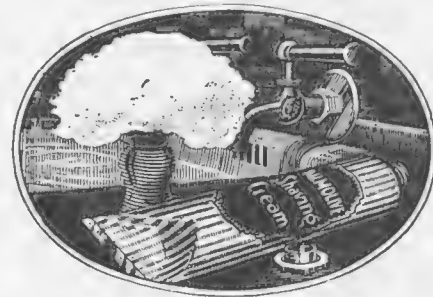
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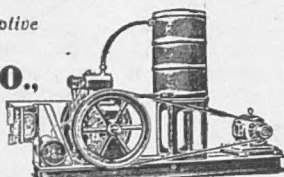
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AN APOLOGY

The following is a copy of a letter of apology of sufficient significance to need no comment.

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I am aware that the word Yale is a trade mark applying to goods of your manufacture, and not a description of a style or class of goods.

You are at liberty to make any use you may think fit of this apology.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) C. STEVENS.

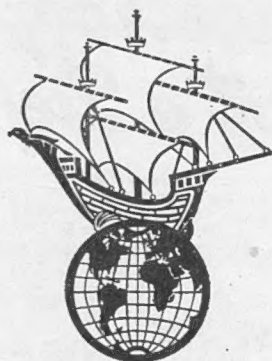
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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"AS a subject of conversation, politics," announced The Broker, "are barred."

"And Poplar, five-barred," added The Jobber. "But mustn't we talk about—"

"No, certainly not," The City Editor cut in. "You are the strong, silent man of the party, so let us wait upon your meditations."

"Writing a book?" inquired The Jobber. "I was going to say that in the tea market—"

"Ah, now you're talking," said The Merchant, leaning forward an attentive ear. "In the tea market, I was going to say, my friend Brokie here is a sound authority. That's all."

The Broker derided him. "Just because I happen to have been correct once or twice—"

"Don't mind him," The Merchant interposed. "Tell us what is going to happen next in Tea shares. Going up or coming down? I should make a good lift attendant, shouldn't I?"

The Broker declared that in his own view the Tea boom had gone as far as it seemed likely to do, and—

"Then you'd sell?"

"Not if I were a man or woman holding the shares for pure investment. All I mean is that prices are about as high as speculators are likely to pay, and I can't see much of a further rise at present."

"The May dividends will be splendid," said The City Editor.

"So everyone has known for the past two months, and the bumper dividends are already discounted."

"That doesn't always apply," argued The Engineer. "The London Electric Companies

have declared fine dividends lately, and the market further improved afterwards."

"With the result that some of the shares are pretty highly priced. You can see for yourself; the rise has stopped, and there's not a great deal to go for in present circumstances."

"You can buy Westminster Electrics as a good investment," The City Editor contended. "Pay you 6½ to 7 per cent. on the money."

"And stand at a big premium," continued The Broker. "If the shares were to be split, though, we should probably see the price go better."

"Tea shares and Electrics look to me a bit topsey," considered The Broker. "One of these days we shall have people buying Nitrates again. And the best shares there are the cheapest."

"They always are—in any market," The Jobber acquiesced. "Only they cost such a lot of money, as a rule."

"Isn't this British Empire Exhibition likely to bring a lot of money to London?" asked The Merchant. "The restaurants and tea-shops, for instance, will do a colossal business. Shares like Lyons, Spiers and Pond, Aerated Bread—surely they are worth buying?"

"All of them. And the big hotel shares too—Savoy and Fredericks, for instance."

"Trust Houses are doing better, I hear," The Engineer observed.

"That's another good buy. And these big stores, like Harrods, Whiteleys, Debenhams, Peter Robinsons—can't help having a banner season."

"Given good weather."

"That's a lot to do with it, of course. Then those little London and Suburban Traction Preference—they ought to get a bit of good out of the Exhibition crowds. To say nothing of Mets. and Districts."

"Well, all I hope is that the Exhibition will be ready when the proper time comes"—and The City Editor spoke none too confidently. "If it is ready, British trade will receive a great advertisement; if it isn't, people are likely to be thoroughly sick and fed up."

"They will have to come and gamble in Tin shares by way of consolation," suggested The Jobber. "That will help to keep up their spirits."

"You've been rather correct over your Tin share tips," The City Editor patronised him. "Gopéngs and Ropps and Mongus and several of your other tips were not so unsuccessful."

"How awfully sweet of you to say so; you can't imagine how proud I feel at this unsolicited testimonial," The Jobber mocked. "Sold yours yet?"

"A leading question," The Broker ruled. "You need not answer it."

"I didn't intend to," The City Editor reassured him. "Though I hardly know what to tell people who ask if they ought to sell their Tin shares now."

"A profit's always a profit," said The Broker safely. "Where anyone has bought the shares for dividends, let him keep them, I say, because he will get a topping return on his money. But in the case of a gamble—well, you never know what's going to happen."

"Mining Corporations had a nasty jar," The Engineer recalled. "And yet I believe in them. Good shares, and a probable dividend this year."

"Better buy Tanganyika Preference, and put them away for a steady five-bob rise. Then you needn't bother about Poplar or polit—"

They threw him out of the carriage window. Friday, Feb. 22, 1924.

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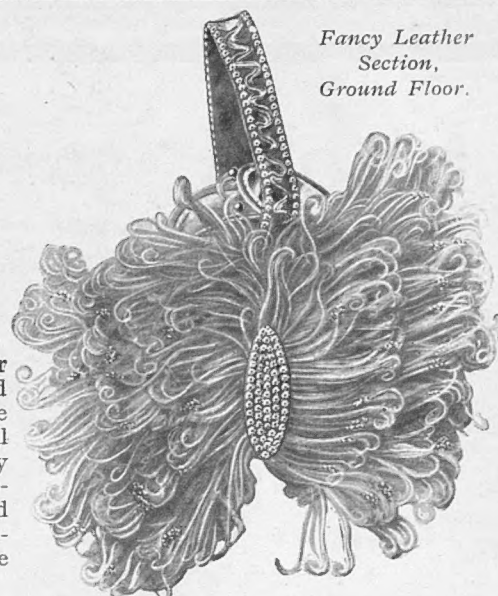
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